

Soldier, fight your way back home!

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by [KassyFrost](#)

Summary

Clay hasn't talked to George in years, 9 years exactly. But on his way home, freshly released from his military duty he meets the omega from 9 years ago. The male that he had last seen in college the day they had that stupid argument. An argument that made Clay storm out of the dorm in a hurry as George screamed insults after him.

But George is not alone, next to the man are two children that look a bit too similar to Clay for it to be a coincidence.

What did he miss in these 9 years?

DreamNotFound A/B/O Family-AU!

A lot of fluff and a whole lot of family feels with real-life problems.
featuring Solider Himbo Dream and former single parent George!

Notes

I promised you a new dnf fanfiction and here it is! See it as my present for the start of the holidays. (Might even add a special halloween chapter if people want that.)
Don't forget to share your own ideas for the story!

Follow me on Twitter! I interact with my moots and I follow back.
<https://twitter.com/Kassyseptic>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1: A Party at Richie's Place

Clay swung the jacket over his shoulder as they entered the house of one his old high school friends. Richie, an old friend from his high school's football team, was attending the same college and had invited him to join his party. So Clay had gathered Nick and George into his VW and driven the 30 Minutes to the apartment in the middle of the city. George had complained on the way there, the omega wasn't a big party animal, but Clay had gotten him to join with a few pleads and a promise that George wouldn't be alone.

Clay would be with him, so George was safe, and George trusted him. Nick had been easy to convince to come with him; The beta was always his second half in these kinds of situations. Nick had been his friend since diapers, so partying together was nothing new. Hell, Nick was the guy he tried weed with for the first time; He'd never forget the time where they watched the National Geographic's channel until 5 am. Watching a lion hunt a zebra had never been that interesting again.

He took a turn to the left and parked the car on a street next to Richie's house. He knew it was best to park further away unless he wanted to take the chance and become a target for possible toilet paper pranks. He did not want to damage his car's paint just for one good night.

He got out of the car and helped George out too.

"Still a simp," Nick uttered as he shook his head and bumped shoulders with Clay.

"It's called being a gentleman, but you wouldn't know anything about that," Clay joked and helped George out.

George had chosen a rather tame outfit against what some of the omegas inside would be wearing. Which was a shame, he would have loved to see George all dressed up.

George had borrowed his hoodie from the day before and had worn some simple ripped jeans. The hoodie was supposed to help him shoo away unwanted alphas. Clays scent should keep them away. It made him somehow proud to have George surrounded with his scent. He looked back down at George and gave the other a small smile to cheer him up. George tried his best to smile back at him but Clay noticed how forced it was. He sighed and slung an arm around the other as Nick led the way to Richie's party.

He'd muchrather have George comfortable at a party. It was more than worth it to lose the chance to see George in more revealing clothes if the other had a good time.

Nick didn't even have to knock at the door as it swung open and a drunken beta girl stumbled out right in front of them to vomit into the grass. George saw the full thing unfold with big eyes and tried to turn around, but Clay pushed him inside the house.

“Nope. You need to get out there from time to time. Let’s have some fun! These days are never going to come back!”

“Maybe, but I’d rather not wake up with a headache tomorrow.”

“That’s a weak excuse and you know it. You don’t need to drink alcohol. I won’t! I’m the one driving us back so if you want you can, but Nick definitely will, am I right?”

“Oh hell yeah baby. Watch this!” Nick bragged and took a shot glass from the table at the door. He drowned it in a second and cheered as he mixed into the crowds to find some old friends.

“Okay,” George said dragging out the ‘oh’ sound. “Don’t you dare do something like that. If you leave me standing here I’ll never let you here the end of it,” George muttered and Clay readjusted his grip around George's shoulders.

“I’m telling you it’s going to be fine. Let’s greet Rich, I want to catch up,” Clay stumbled with George in tow around the mass of people dancing and swinging their hips to the music. The music was good- it wasn’t exactly Clay’s style but he could totally dance with it. And they were at a party so that was basically the only thing that mattered.

He spotted Richie leaning against the table with different drinks inside the open kitchen area. There was a guy with pinkish red hair next to him and another guy Clay recognized from the broad shoulders.

“Aaron! Richie! What’s up?”, he greeted them and they turned towards him with a smile.

“What’s up Clay? Who’s that with ya? You got an omega again?”, Richie asked and Clay shrugged.

“We’re dating, yeah. This is George. George, meet Richie and Aaron. Richie was my school's Fullback, Aaron was a Tackle. It seems so long ago now.”

“Hey, nice to meet you,” George greeted and the two guys turned to him in surprise.

“Oh you’re British!” Aaron quipped and George nodded.

“Yeah. I entered an exchange program but then I met Clay and now I am staying here.”

Clay grinned and patted George's shoulder a bit. George getting along with his old friends was pretty nice!"

"That's cool."

"Are you going to introduce me or will I stand here forever, Rich?", the pink haired man asked and pushed himself off from the table.

"Oh right. Clay and George, this is Techno. He was in the same program as me till he dropped out and joined the army,"

Clay whistled and turned towards Techno.

"A solider! Why are you here? Shouldn't you be at the training camp?"

The male shrugged his shoulders and shook his head which made the pink hair swing around his shoulders.

"Nah, I got a week to visit my family. After Saturday I'll be on my way back again."

"Richie you major in English, right? So Techno, how does one switch from English to the army?"

"Eh, it's a long story. But why, are you interested?" the pink haired male joked, and Clay shook his head.

Dying was not on his list of things to do in the summer.

"I'd rather not."

George tucked at his shirt and pointed with a nod into the direction of Nick. Nick was dancing with a redhead in a golden tight dress. They were grinding against each other as the electrical music got wilder. Nothing too bad, as long as Nick was fine with it he'd leave the other to his own accords.

"He's fine. Don't worry," he promised, and George raised his eyebrow as he continued to stare at Nick's little dirty dancing moment.

Clay dismissed it and joined back into the conversation of their little round.

Techno had outstretched his hand and was offering him a pack of cigarettes. Clay took one and thanked the other as the pink haired man offered everyone else one as well. George was still staring at Nick and keeping an eye out for their friend, leading Clay to roll his eyes at the mother hen feelings George harnessed and concentrated on the people in front of him.

"Got a lighter?" he asked, and before Techno could even answer, Richie lit up the cigarette in his hand. He hummed in thanks as the cigarette head touched his lips and he inhaled smoke.

"So about the story about you joining the military," pondered Clay, "Why did ya do it?"

"I guess it was a more financially stable option. You see they pay for your studying if you serve afterwards for a specific time. And I guess most people know this but never consider the huge

benefits.”

Clay nodded for the male to continue as he blew the cigarette smoke out of his mouth.

A huff sounded from below him and someone snatched his cigarette from his hands in a swift motion.

“Stop with that! It’s bad for you, do you really want lung cancer so soon?”

He grimaced at George’s worrisome nature. He knew the omega was just looking out for him but the moment for it wasn’t right. He leaned down and brushed through George’s hair and used the direction to snatch back the cigarette.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll finish this one outside so it doesn’t bother you, and when I’m back, you won’t even smell it. Promise.”

George bit his lip ready to say something but nodded in acceptance.

“Hurry. You promised to stay close.”

“I know and I am right around the corner. Richie, can you look a bit after George? I’ll be back in a sec. Techno, want to come with me?”

“Sure, show the way.”

The soldier followed him outside into the cool air of the night. They sat down on the loveseat in the garden and Clay leaned his head back to blow out more smoke.

“Is he always this protective of you?”

“What, George? I mean yeah sure. He’s an omega so I get it. He’s just looking out for us in his own way. Sometimes he can be overbearing, but I love him, so it’s fine.”

“You’re whipped.”

“Oh, come on, not you too.”

“Hear that a lot? Your stance told me everything the second you walked in. That’s what you learn in the army, by the way. You were protecting him subconsciously.”

He hummed in defeat. He couldn’t argue with it; He did care for George a lot and he could admit that the male omega had him wrapped around the finger.

“Tell me about the military. What do you do there?”

“Honestly, it’s just constant training. Next to my training I study. I get food, clothes, and everything necessary at the base. I sold my apartment and moved my stuff in with my parents. I want to help my family with money, so I decided to not get that loan and support myself. I get a week away from base which is basically my vacation. I use it to help my family and enjoy some time. After I finish this damn training camp, I have to serve 5 years. But after those 5 years, I’ll be released with my diploma for free and, of course, the money I earned. I’ll have enough to sort out my situation and find a good job position, maybe I’ll become a teacher.”

“A teacher, for real? Who would want to get tortured by fifth graders.”

“Who says it’s going to be that way around?” the other joked and blew the grey smoke out into the

night.

Clay thought about Techno's words. It seemed a good idea in general, earning money while getting the diploma for basically free. As an alpha he'd even have a slight advantage over some of the others. He was built stronger genetically so maybe the army was a good idea.

"I guess it does sound pretty good."

He never really thought about it. He knew that he'd be in debt after college, but he never really cared. He knew that that was just what it was like; Living in America meant you'd eventually be drowning in some kind of debt if you were middle class or below.

When he'd finish, he'd move in with George. That was their plan. Move in together, become more stable and see from there on.

They'd be living day by day to pay off that debt. Financial stability was a long way away. The military could give him a head start. He'd be a safety net for George.

The omega wouldn't have to worry about the future if Clay could make it safe.

"How hard is it?"

"The training? Pretty hard. You can't get a hot head when something happens you don't agree with. You gotta keep your calm while they throw you into the worst and then you gotta keep on pushing forward. "

"I meant the application."

"Oh? You're actually interested?" Techno pushed himself up straighter and drew his leg to his chest.

"I guess, yeah." he murmured and flicked his cigarette bud down to the ground. He stamped onto it and twisted a bit to properly stop it from causing any damage.

"God, I can hear your thoughts. You can't even deny it anymore. Admit it, you're whipped." the other commented and made a whipping sound.

Dream shook his head and hid his face inside his hands as he felt his face heat up a little. He couldn't even deny it, he wouldn't call it whipped but he could admit to him being more affectionate towards George.

Clay brushed off the ashes of the cigarette from his pants and pulled out his phone.

"Can you send me the link for the application form? I think I want to look into this."

"Look into it? Sweet, but you'll have to hurry. This is the last month they'll be accepting new cadets." Techno reached for the blonde's phone and put the rest of his cigarettes between his lips. He opened the new contact option but not without looking up and drawing up an eyebrow at his most recent calls.

He made a motion like a whip and Dream groaned. So what if he and George had a lot of late-night calls? It wasn't his decision that omegas weren't allowed to room with alphas. George's roommate had submitted complaints before because of their long chats over the phone at night, but at some nights they remained quiet and slept in the calming sense of knowing that the other was listening.

Techno handed him back his phone and he tucked it back into his back pocket.

"I should get back. Don't want to-" he grimaced as he felt the next words leave his mouth. Techno was already smiling knowingly and nodding.

"Yeah, don't want to keep George waiting."

Clay didn't respond to the comment and made his way back inside to find George.

He spotted said omega standing between the self-made DJ booth and the people playing spin the bottle. The omega stood alone and turned away from the crowd, Clay quickly slipped through the masses to get to him.

He put a hand on George's shoulder and smiled as he turned around and relaxed as he saw the alpha's face.

George pulled Clay closer and nosed at his nape.

"Your friends left to get more beer and I didn't want to leave you alone, George mumbled tugging at the end of his shirt." By the way I can still smell the smoke." George huffed and flared his nostrils a bit at the smell of the nicotine that had penetrated his clothes. Clay's body quickly reacted to comfort the omega, he rubbed at his neck in hopes of spreading his natural scent to cover the smell of the cigarette.

"Better?" he questioned and leaned his head onto George's.

The omega nodded and steadied himself with a tight grip on Clays shirt.

"I want to go home, Clay. I tried it and it's just too loud."

He sighed and hid his nose in George's hair.

"Let's try to stay for a bit longer, besides Nick needs a ride home."

"Oh no he doesn't. He's already gone. He went off with the beta girl from before. I saw him leave." George turned his head upwards and leaned his chin onto Clays chest and with the biggest pleading eyes he asked,

"Can we go home, alpha?"

And there it was, Clays knees buckled a bit, but he kept himself steadied as best as he could. His instincts to care for George flared up and he rested his chin on the males' head.

"That's so unfair," he mumbled but the omega's only response was to laugh at him. George knew how to play his cards right, and he did it shamelessly.

He calmed himself with a few breaths and looked over the crowds of people to double check for the beta. He didn't spot Nick's familiar face in the crowd, so he decided to trust the beta male to take care of himself.

"I really wanted to dance with you, what a shame," he mumbled and chuckled as he felt Georges

back straighten.

George looked up at him and with a knowing smile he was pulled into the crowds of people. He was happy that George could enjoy himself at the party a little bit at least. He had wanted to come here for the omega, to give him a change of pace and maybe just maybe to show the cute brunette off.

He giggled slightly as the music changed to Shakira and the familiar song “Hips Don’t Lie” started playing. George stayed in his embrace but was slowly swinging his hips as his shoulders followed the beat. He smiled and traced his hips with his hands down the omegas sides as the beat started to pick up.

He rolled his hips towards George and the omega circled his arms around his neck to draw him in closer. Some more people steered onto the dancing floor and they were quickly circled by couples all around them dancing to the beat.

He felt George getting nervous from all the people around them so he decided to get them away from the crowd a bit. He took a few careful steps and made sure George understood his idea before he swooped the omega up into his arms and held him tightly against his chest supporting his weight with his hands on the omegas butt. Clay steered them through the crows to the outer ring, closer to the banquet, where he let George out of his grasp.

A small protest was heard from the omega as he let him down and Clay had to chuckle at his boyfriend’s antics.

“I’m not carrying you everywhere, don’t even try. I’m getting called whipped already as it is,” he whispered against Georges earlobe and he felt the atmosphere revert back to a more playful one.

George’s mood had improved, and he was the reason. Clay let his hands travel up George’s arms till he reached his own neck and intertwined George’s hand with his.

The music changed into an old 90’s classic song and Clay took it as their signal to leave. He twirled George and spiralled him back against his chest.

“That was nice. I enjoyed it,” George mumbled into his chest and closed his eyes as they swayed a bit.

Clay reached a hand behind him and pulled out his phone. He let George cuddle into him as they swayed to the music. He rested his chin on the omega’s head as he sent a text to Nick, informing him that they were going to leave. He put his phone back into his pocket and stepped out of the embrace to grasp George's hand.

“Ready to go?”

George nodded with a smile that made his heart clench. Clay ushered him outside the door and checked one last time outside if he saw anyone familiar. But he didn’t spot anyone. He’d just have to inform Richie via a text that he left early.

“I’m glad you liked it. I mean, it wasn’t long, but I had a good time with you.”

“And with that pink haired guy.”

Clay raised his eyebrow and jabbed George carefully. “You jelly?”

“Nah, I know your mine,” the omega whispered into the cold night and leaned his head onto his

arm. Clay circled another arm around George's waist as they walked back to his car.

Chapter 2: Grocery Shopping with a kind stranger

Chapter Summary

Well tiem to meet the two rascals :P

I might change their names soon but for now they'll stay like this.

Twitter:

@Kassyseptic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The music from his Spotify playlist ended leaving him in silence as he suppressed a groan. He checked to see if he had really just finished the playlist, he had started 10 years ago. It contained his favourite songs from college up to the military draft. Maybe that was what had spared his memory.

He took off his earbuds and shoved them into his black jacket. Looking up he checked what the next station would be, the screen on the train and showed him that he was still 15 minutes away from his stop. He leaned back and let the noise of the others consume him as he let himself ponder.

He wondered what life would be like from now on, he had a new apartment, a new job and no friends. He could try and contact his old friends, but he doubted they would all still be living around here. The last time he had heard from Nick was in September where he had gotten a letter that told him he'd gotten a promotion at his job and was starting to climb the ranks slowly.

Nick had started out as a trainee zoo keeper and had finished his training 2 years ago, almost the same time as Clay had gotten released from his 3 additional years. Nick had sent him a letter where he had written about the opportunity to go to China and do some volunteer work there for a Zoo that had Pandas. Nick had gotten quickly attached to the black and white bears and had described in great detail his daily schedule with them. The beta had fallen in love with the job of a panda keeper and when the year ended he had switched from looking after the penguins and sea lions to the pandas. His training in China had gotten him enough knowledge about the fuzzy bears to get him the job and he loved it.

Clay wished he'd be allowed to keep his phone in the military, but the chances of homesickness were too high and the officers had taken his and the others personal belongings on the very first day at the base.

He had sent a letter to the address on the letter Nick had sent him, but he hadn't received a phone call or text. Maybe his letter hadn't arrived yet or had gotten lost?

His new number and his new address was inside the letter and the thought of that ending up in the wrongs hands made his stomach turn a bit. He took a deep breath and focused on his former thoughts.

He hadn't seen his best friend for nine years now. Or was it his former best friend now? Does one stop being best friends after not seeing the other for 9 years?

No, Nick and he had too much history to just stop being friends after a few years. He was sure that when they finally met again the other would still be the same goofy beta he had last seen at the airport before he took off with the other recruits.

The dark haired male had cried against his shoulder inside his embrace and Clay had tried his best to keep the tears in. He hadn't wanted to cry on that day. He had shed enough tears in the weeks prior.

He steered his thoughts away from the hurtful memory and thought about his new life. His new place was exciting, the only people inside had been his sister and the real estate agent.

Drista had given him a tour through a video call on her phone. God he was lucky to have her, she had done a lot for him in the last year. His little sister had helped him with everything for his big move. He had been the one to book the times but she had to sign everything in his name on site. She had been the one to tell the movers where to go and where to put the objects.

She had set up a kitchen for him and brought the necessities for his home. Without her, he would have to spend a whole week getting everything to simply live there.

She had made sure that his kitchen was filled with plates, some mugs, cutlery and that even the fridge was stocked up to contain eggs, bacon, butter and other provisions.

Clay had made sure to transfer the money immediately to her account to show her how much he appreciated her work. It was hard for her; he knew so much. She had just finished college and was not even one year at her job. But she was juggling everything that was thrown at her in a steady rhythm. Sometimes he could still learn from his baby sister.

The only thing that he would have to buy now was a car, and his dad had been on the lookout for him already. For two months, his father had scurried the newspaper and searched for the best deals and cut them out of the papers to make Clay a small scrapbook with different cars. The scrapbook was waiting at his family home and his parents were quite ready and excited to have their son back. He was just as excited to see his family. They had helped him so much all throughout life and the last year had proven just how much he could depend on them.

His parents had packed everything in his childhood home all alone and he had sent the movers, which his sister had hired in her name, to move all the cardboard boxes into his new home. His sister had taken over from there and unpacked as much as she could. He felt so useless in the past year, but he knew he had no choice. He had to let his family help him like this if he wanted to get away from the military apartment complex.

He was ready for this new epoch in his life.

He tightened his hold on his backpack, filled with the mere essentials he had left. It was packed with the few items he had brought in when he started out; His personal clothes, his old phone, an old family Christmas picture and his military uniform.

His old phone was something he wasn't ready to open. He had turned on the power button only once after his release and the home screen had gotten damaged only seconds after. The image had shocked him to the core. His home screen was still an image of George, from their date inside an ice cream store. George was looking into the camera with a spoon on his nose and Clay caught him in the act.

He had contacted his parents and sister through the landline telephone for the first weeks before buying his new phone that only contained his parents number, his sister's and Techno's.

"I'm telling papa!"

Clay groaned in annoyance at the shrill voice of the little kids interrupting his thoughts. He turned around and saw two children dressed up in matching Minecraft shirts. The little Steve on the shirt had the opposite mood of the two kids. The older one, a boy with blonde locks, had a sour expression that changed into one of fear at his sister's words.

"You wouldn't," the boy hissed but his sister, a girl with blonde long hair and big blue glasses surprised him by immediately reaching for the man next to them on the train.

"Papa! Papa! Leon is bullying me! Papa!"

The little girl kept yanking on the man's jacket and as Clay let his gaze wander upwards, he gasped.

Sitting five feet in front of him was George, his ex. The brunette hadn't changed much over the years. His hair was still brushed to the side, his eyes were still the same dark chocolate brown that stared right through him into his heart (his heart that was currently tearing painfully). The omega's features were slightly sharper, but he had gained some weight around his body. The lanky, geeky, brunette omega had turned into an even more beautiful man. George looked healthier than ever, but his eyes showed signs of tiredness.

His stomach clenched as he resisted the urge to turn his head away from the brunette. The little girl had taken notice of her father's silence and searched for answers in Georges face. She followed the omega's gaze to find Clay and as Clay turned to look back at her she asked with curiosity dripping down the question:

"Who's that?"

Her brother followed her gaze, and his face mirrored his sister's. Clay felt a sense of familiarity strike him.

Blond hair that stuck up into every direction but the one it's supposed to, eyebrows that are so blonde they seem almost transparent in the daylight and a smile that shows a missing tooth. An oddly familiar face, a face that makes his heart clench up even more.

He turned his head back to the girl and as he looked her over he could see similarities. The first he spotted the obvious brown hair that is so similar to George's own. The cute button nose threw him off at first, but then he remembered George's mother, the lady with a button nose that reminded him of a mouse. George wasn't very happy with the comparison when he had first heard of it.

He stared at the girl's eyes and drew in a sharp breath. The similarity was there. Those were his eyes. Green with a brown undertone.

As he looked back at George, he could see the omega realising that he had already drawn the conclusion. At his questioning stare the male squirmed a bit inside his seat before nodding slowly.

These were his kids. *His* kids...

Why in heaven had he never heard of them? Why hadn't the omega contacted him?!

“Hey,”

He looked down and was surprised by the girl having snuck up to him. She looked up at him with doe brown eyes that just had to be George's. Those were George's kids for sure and by her eyes and the boy's features...and then George's apologetic nod... by those these two were his as well.

Clay's brain helped him calculate quickly, the two had to be around 9 years old and both twins. How had George hidden that from him? And why?

“Hey,” He croaked out and put on his best smile to impress the little girl. The best thing to do right now was to make a good first impression.

“What's your name?” the girl asked, and Clay looked over towards George. Should he go away? He didn't want to, he knew he'd definitely search for them. He couldn't let them know that he knew somewhat of the situation. But did George even want him here? Was he allowed to introduce himself?

George seemed to debate his answer before relaxing and nodding his head. The omega's scent reached his nose, and he scurried to hold close his nose with his hands. He hadn't smelt the others scent in years, he didn't want to get overwhelmed inside a train. But the omega's scent had already reached him and stood out to him like a speck of colour inside a white room. The sweet scent of shampoo and George's neutral scent made him tear up. He quickly rubbed the tears away and bent down to meet the girl in front of him.

“I'm Clay. And who are you?”

The girl squeezed more into his space and Clay didn't even try to fight it. Something inside of him let the little kid have her way. She pulled on his trousers and he helped her up, a few people looked at them funny at that. Of course, it wasn't every day that a clearly unmated alpha let a child on his lap.

“I'm Elsa,” she declared and leaned into his touch where she nosed at his scent gland on his wrist before answering with the best matter-of-factly voice a 9 year old could bring up, “and you smell funny.”

Clay nodded and grinned as Elsa stared pulling at his dog tag. She twisted in carefully inside her palm and pulled it up towards his eyes.

“That's a weird necklace. What does it say?”

He wrapped his hand around her small fingers and turned the tag towards him. The small engravings were familiar, it was the only thing he always had with him. Sleeping without it felt like committing a crime.

“It's a dog tag.” A few heads turn towards him and he sees people sitting up straighter, some give him knowing smiles.

“It's from the military. It's a way of knowing who I am. It has my name, my gender, my status and my blood type on it. And on the back,”

He turned the shiny metal around and showed her the flipside.

“On the back it has a special number that shows you important data in case something happens.”

She drew up an eyebrow and crooked her head a little to the side.

“Why isn’t everyone wearing it then? If it can help when something happens?”

“Well they do, just differently. Adults always carry cards with them where that information is on there just like on my necklace.”

“Why are you wearing it as a necklace then instead of a card?”

George winces at the question and from the corner of his eye he sees the omega move to most likely take Elsa. He shook his head quickly at the omega and went back to answering the question. The people around them had become silent, he knew that someone would question him about his service at some point. He had no PTSD from the war, but he had gotten panic attacks from the sounds of guns before. Such a question was nothing to worry about.

“Well in the army you can lose a card quickly. You know the army protects our land and from time to time other countries too, and when we are on duty we have to travel long ways. I could easily lose a card, and what do I do then? The necklace is a safer way.”

She accepted his answer and leans back onto his chest. He brushed through her hair as she rested her eyes.

He finally met George’s eyes; the omega followed his motions with a look of longing he oh so well knows. George missed him and god he was lying if he didn’t admit he did too.

Elsa stirred slowly and reached for his jacket sleeve to pull gently at the worn fabric.

“Want to come with us to the store? Papa promised that we would get to pick something to take with us.”

“Humans aren’t one of those things,” George spoke up, but he said those words with a smile that gave Clay hope. He couldn’t care less about the weight of the backpack he’d have to carry around if he went with them, he’d do it immediately if George allowed it.

“Do you even have time? You seemed busy before you noticed us.”

He met George's gaze again and shook his head.

“No, no! It’s fine I was just pondering. I have time. Where are you going?”

“The shop at Westerburg Street. We need to get off at the next station if we want to get there.”

Clay simply nodded. There was so much that he wanted to ask but he knew that if he did he would only start a scene, and then the chance to talk to the omega again would be gone. He’d keep all the questions stored inside his mind; they’d talk about this in a more private matter. Clay wanted answers and he was never one to give up on something he wanted.

Those were his kids and they didn’t even know it. Why hadn’t George told them about him?! Was he not good enough? Didn’t he trust him? Did he fear Clay wouldn’t take responsibility and be a father? He had always tried to show that he was worthy. He had always worked hard to give George everything, but the omega had thrown it away in a single night.

He shook his head and cleared his mind. No, this was not the right time to think about this while his attention should be on the present. He should focus on the two pups, *their* pups. His and George’s. What an insane thought. A year ago- no, not even a few months ago he would have

laughed at the thought with a bitter taste.

The train announced they had arrived at the next stop and George stood up, ready to lead them outside. Clay waited for Elsa to hop off but as he tried to move the little girl grabbed his shirt tightly and shook her head.

He huffed and tightened his hold on her as he stood up. She felt as light as a feather in his arms, he helped her crawl around his neck and sit up on his shoulders. And for the first time he was glad he participated in the tough military training.

Chapter End Notes

Leave some love at the end please!

Comments and Kudos keep me going!

Chapter 3: Dinner Time with a Stranger

Chapter Summary

Here is the new chapter! I'll post a halloween special also. But it wont be as long.
(Unless i have to make it long then, but then i wont be able to post it today)
Please comment it keeps me going and really motivates me to write.
Oh and if you feel inspired by any of my storied feel free to just tag me! I always love seeing others get creative! Happy Halloween!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay carried his daughter into the grocery store of Westerburg Street with a sense of pride. He felt more motivated than ever to mingle inside the big masses of the public. He wanted to be seen and he wanted to show off his family image, but he had to control that wish for now. There was so much to talk about first. His children had to know about him before he could show the world, but telling them would need time, and George had to agree.

George took out a small paper note from his jacket and read some of the listed items out loud.

“I need some eggs, milk, cacao and,” The omega squinted his eyes at the next item and a big smile that was only broken by small giggles takes over his face, “Okay, who wrote chocolate on there?”

Clay felt Elsa stiffen for a second and he started to giggle a bit on his own. George playfully scolded them, only for them to giggle at him and he continued pushing the cart.

They slowly worked their way through the store and stopped in front of a Halloween costume display.

“Oh I almost forgot, you two need a Halloween costume. We’ll look on another day though,” George muttered and scanned the prices on the costume. Clay saw his gaze but stayed silent; He didn’t want to offer money. If he did, he could hurt the man’s feelings and that was the last thing he needed.

George must have had a tough time trying to feed two children at the same time without a mate. He wondered how the other had even gotten so far.

Matelessness was a touchy subject for people, and many still saw it as a big no-go to sleep with someone without being mated. These people still wanted every status to follow their original plan, first courting, next dating, marriage at the same time as mates, and then children. Most people were still mated before having children, so George's case was very touchy, but the public was slowly opening up to the idea of not needing to be mates. George must have had a hard time getting a job as a mate less omega getting closer to his 30’s. But as if that wasn’t enough, the two kids must have made it nearly impossible.

The omegas were the ones who were burdened the most with today’s status judgment. After all, they always got the kids if a relationship didn’t work out. Sometimes that was good, but sometimes it meant the alpha got a free to go pass while the omega was strapped down. If George said no to

Clay seeing these two, he would have to start a case with minimal success. Omegas always got the children unless it could be proven that the omega was unfit for parenthood, mentally or physically.

But George didn't seem like he had that at the front of his mind. He didn't seem to mind Clay's arrival; on the contrary, he looked a bit relieved. Clay helped Elsa down and told both to go and grab the milk. George smiled as the two kids ran a few feet to the milk stand and debated which one to grab.

"George-" He started, but a hand landed on his shoulder. George looked up to him with heavy eyes and guilty expression as the omega stumbled to ask his next question.

"Before you say anything. I think I want us to talk about everything at home. Why don't you come back with us and we have dinner together?"

Clay bit his lip in thought. Was this a good idea? Was he ready to even see George's apartment? To see 9 years of memories of people he should have known but never did? And what about getting back to his own home? He had no car, so he had to take a train home. The last train was at 21:36 and they had 5 and a half hours left before he had to be at that train.

George noticed his pause and took it as a no, leading the omega to draw back his hands and whisper a small sorry as he began to push the trolley forwards again. Clay cursed silently and hurried to follow the man.

"No, wait."

He grabbed George's shoulder and pulled him slightly back.

"I want to have dinner with you guys. But is it okay if I leave at around 21:00? I don't have a car yet, so I need to take that train at 21 home, or I'll have to take a taxi."

The omega's expression changed into one of understanding and he visibly relaxed his shoulders as George nodded.

"Yeah, that's fine. I was worried you weren't ready to meet that fast."

The kids ran back at them with two different milk cartons and Georges just shrugged as they plopped them inside the trolley.

The rest of the trip was spent getting to know the two kids more. Elsa had warmed up quickly to him, he had a feeling that the two's instincts already knew who he was. His mother had told him once that when he was little, he was able to find her inside a tight crowd by simply scent and nature.

His son took a bit longer to warm up. He was met with shy but curious gazes from afar. The boy's personality reminded him of George back in college, shy and unapproachable 'till Clay had wormed his way inside that shell.

So he tried his best to mirror that behaviour, he left one arm extended down to give Lucas the option to hold his hand but not to pressure him. And as he picked Elsa up once more just in front of the cash register, he felt a hand grasp his very delicately. He looked down and smiled as he saw the round eyes of Lucas staring back up at him.

The boy went red from being put on the spot, but Clay knew how to act. He put his attention back on George and used his free hand to help pick up the groceries into a bag. As they were done, George went to grab the bag, but Clay was faster.

“You haven’t changed a bit with that at least,” The omega muttered in a happy tone and Clay smiled as they exited the store.

“Manners are important.”

They took a bus back to George’s place, and it didn’t even take 10 minutes for the kids to fall asleep from the rocking motion of the bus.

Clay had to give up the bag as they got off the bus to carry both kids. He was careful when he picked them up and steadied them on his hips. He tried his best to not ruffle his nose as he felt something wet run down his neck. Glancing down, he saw the young boy’s drool on his shirt. George chuckled at his facial impression and commented on it as he fiddled with the keys.

“Ah the joy of fatherhood. I’m always glad to share it,” He teased and ushered Clay inside.

The apartment was small, not that he had awaited a big suite in George’s situation, but this was college dorm sized small, and barely enough for one, let alone *three* . He kicked off his shoes as quietly as he could without his hands and followed George as the other closed the front door, towards the sofa. He put down the kids and George wrapped them into a wool blanket.

Clay checked the time. They had 4 hours left to prepare dinner and talk. They stepped into the kitchen and closed the door to the living room to minimize the sound from their voices.

George put down the grocery bag on the kitchen counter and started putting away the newly bought foods.

The omegas posture revealed the tension in the atmosphere. Clay wanted to break it but he had no idea on how to start. Should he cut to the chase or dance around a bit and attempt some smalltalk. He opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted.

“So why are you back? I mean, why now? I thought you only had 5 mandatory years,” The omega voiced, and closing the door to the fridge as he put away the milk cartons.

“I added 3 to get a job I could continue on later, and became a Cyber Security Officer and now I’m working with Inscie Corp.”

George turned to him with raised eyebrows and leaned back against the counter.

“You work with the Inscie Corp? The big building with the giant glass globus next to the big shopping centre?”

Clay smiled and nodded as George continued to stare at him baffled.

“No fucking way.”

“Absolutely fucking way. I got in there easily with a three year experience and my diploma from the UniMilitary College.”

The omega’s mouth was hanging open in shock, Clay understood why. Inscie was a huge place to work at.

“But wait, why did you do it last year then?” The omega questioned and moved to prepare dinner.

He moved out of George's way as the other collected his ingredients for a quick dinner.

"I stayed at a private military owned apartment complex. They let you stay there for up to 3 years but I just wanted to leave as soon as possible. So I rang my family and told them I wanted to move back here. My sister helped me pick out an apartment and my parents packed my old stuff. I really didn't do much besides pay the workers who moved my stuff. I had to drive every day from the apartment complex to Inscie Corp, that's an hour and a half with the train. I was tired in the evening, so I really had no choice but to wait it out."

"What? I never saw you; I always use the train," George muttered and held a pack of carrots in front of him. "Cut them?"

He nodded and started cutting the carrots into bite sized sticks.

"I entered the train at 5:00 in the morning. On my way back I took different ones. But always after 16:00. I doubt you'd use the train 'round these times. It's always filled with businessmen or travellers," He finished and pushed the carrots into a small bowl. George put next to him a cucumber and he quickly went back to cutting.

"I guess you're right." The omega sighed. "I usually walk with the two to school. It's better to keep them fit and the cold air is good to wake them up."

Clay nodded and propped the slices of cucumber up in the bowl. He turned around to face Georges back and appreciated the new curves again. George had definitely gotten more filled out, did pregnancy do that? He bit his lip and shunned himself at his thoughts.

The children are in the next room so get it together, Clay. He took a deep breath and let his eyes wander to the hand drawn pictures on the fridge.

"What do you do? I mean, as a job. How were you able to support two kids and yourself?"

George shrugged his shoulders and cracked another egg into the pan in front of him.

"When I found out about the pregnancy, I knew I was screwed. I had no time to major in computer science so I shanked that dream and investigated ways I could work from home.

"Oh that's interesting. How-" He hesitated a bit, uncomfortable with the question. "How did, y'know, the pregnancy. How did that go?"

George put the scrambled eggs into a ceramic dish and turned around to face Clay again. He had a sad look in his eyes and subconsciously brought his hand closer to his stomach.

"I hated it sometimes and loved it the next day. It was confusing but in the end I was so glad I went through with it." George's eyes welled up and Clay moved to touch his arm to keep him calm.

George continued after a big breath.

"I found out in a month after you went away. I was on my way to my next class with a classmate and they pulled out a sandwich. It had mayonnaise and tuna on it and the second I smelled it I vomited on to the floor. First, I thought I was sick and the nurse gave me a week off but then it got weird. I was constantly having dreams about you and before I knew it I woke up with your clothes surrounding me. You forgot some because they were still in the laundry room. I checked my calendar, but it couldn't be my heat, I had that a week after you left. Horrible timing by the way, I was even angrier when I realised that," He taunted with a smile and rubbed the tears threatening to escape away.

“Well I pieced two and two together and decided I should get a pregnancy test before making more choices. So I did that and it came back positive. I debated calling you for the rest of the day but didn’t have the balls to do it. So I kept it a secret and just went with it.”

Clay nodded and recited his hand slowly.

“And what about now? Will you tell them?”

George bit his bottom lip and crossed his arms.

“I want to tell them, but it needs to be the right time. You can’t just appear out of nowhere after 9 years. I don’t think they’d take that well. What if we take it slow and you start spending more time with them? We could make a schedule or something.”

Clay nodded and thought about his next question. Should he ask George if he’d be ready to try again? Was it too early? He didn’t feel like there were any malicious feelings between them.

He wanted to go back to the days where he could always count on asking George about anything. He wanted that back. But if he wanted that back he’d have to ask.

“Uhm, and-”, Clay stood up straighter and pinched himself with his nail.

“What about us? Do you think we could try to catch up with where we left off?”

George's eyes met his and a pink colour spread over his cheeks.

“I want to try again. Just, maybe start slower than we did before? And if possible, avoid another surprise for the time being.”

Clay nodded in agreement and opened his arms. George tensed for a second before diving right in and snaking his arms around his torso.

“God, I missed this,” The omega whispered against his skin. He hummed and tightened his hold. George smelt fruitier up close, his hair smelled of artificial blueberry shampoo.

He kissed the omega’s hair softly and rested his head on George's, only to look up at the electronic kitchen clock. They’d have to eat soon if they wanted to talk a bit more.

“We need to eat now if we still want to talk later.”

George emitted a sound that sounded dangerously close to a whine before slowly separating himself.

The omega opened a cabinet and pointed at the plates before reaching into a drawer and pulling out the cutlery.

Clay understood and quickly reached up to grab the plates. He walked out of the kitchen and placed the plates down around the small square table.

George followed with the cutlery and glasses and as the other laid down the things he looked up and motioned towards the living room.

“You can wake them up and get them if you want to. I’m almost ready. Just need to get the rest.”

Clay opened the door to the living room and tip toed over towards the two kids. The fact that they didn’t wake up from his presence confirmed his thoughts from earlier, they knew on a

subconscious level who he was.

He softly shook at their shoulders and grinned as groggy eyes looked up at him.

“Wakey wakey, your pa is done with dinner.”

Elsa nodded and stretched before jumping down the sofa and running into the next room, presumably towards the dinner table.

Lucas looked ready to turn back and continue sleeping so Clay did the only acceptable thing. He picked up the little worm and chuckled when he heard the surprised gasp that turned into an excited smile.

“You can sleep later, now let’s go and grab a bite.”

Lucas giggled and pointed towards the door.

“Onward my horse!” Clay grunted in surprise and tried his best to mimic a horse as he hoped through the door and reached up to drop Lucas on his seat.

George shook his head as he saw his silly antics, but by the way the corners of the omega’s mouth were turned up, he knew he had done something right.

He was fitting in.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and a kudo! Or if you want you can check out my twitter where you can see my "creative process" hahaha ;P

Halloween Special

Chapter Summary

My beta hasn't read through this and I wrote it just now. Don't think this is good or anything. It was done in less than an hour while eating gummy bears (I get terrible sick from those bastards why did I eat them)

Enjoy this extra for Halloween lol. It takes place in the future and is NOT AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER!

Sorry for the caps, I want to make sure that ppl who skip the notes see this.

Chapter Notes

THIS IS A SPECIAL EXTRA NOT A CHAPTER

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay squirmed in his costume a bit, but he didn't dare to move anything that could mess it up. He looked down at himself in the mirror and tried his best not to wince at the image of his groin the olive-green leggings portrayed. He let his eyes wander up and laughed at the stupid polyester costume shirt of Peter Pan.

He really had hoped that Lucas would want to be Peter Pan, but the little guy found it just as stupid as Clay did. And now here he was dressed in green tights and a green tunic with a stupidly small hat that had a little feather sticking out at the very top. Just to please his family.

He sighed and stepped out of the bathroom and put on a smile for the children as he walked back into the living room. His family sat around the living room in different positions, George was kneeling in front of Elsa and putting on the girl's makeup. The omega had stayed up and looked at ideas on Pinterest all day the evening before.

Luca was on the sofa and watching a cartoon contently. He was dressed in his Captain Jack costume, but his face wasn't painted yet.

"Ready for neverland?", he jested, and George chuckled slightly as the omega continued applying the glitter to their 9-year-old daughter.

"I think we are almost ready. Just need to finish the makeup."

"Daddy how do I look?", his daughter questioned and tilted her head towards him while she ducked as George tried to put on some more paint onto her.

She fled the omega's hands and jumped up to Clay, pulling at his stupidly tight leggings. He smiled down and reached for her to quickly place her on his hips.

"You look like a little princess or should I say fairy? You look lovely."

She nodded her head and reached towards the little wings on her back.

"Look they move!", she flicked her finger and the wings swayed back in forth a bit before stopping.

He nodded along and smiled as if her findings were of the most surprising type. As he looked back to the other, he noticed that Lucas was focusing more on the tv then on George. He reached down to pick up the remote and turned off the show.

Georg send him a thankful glance before moving back to styling Lucas. He had started to apply some black paint to signify the eye patch.

"Lucas where is your sword?", George questioned.

"In the kitchen I think.", the boy answered and squirmed as the paint brush tickled him.

"I told you not to play with it. We don't have much time before we have to go, I won't search for it.", George groaned in annoyance and squinted at his phone to compare the makeup on the Captain Hook from Pinterest.

Lucas huffed and turned to Clay with the biggest puppy eyes he could.

"Will you get it?", and there Clay was stumbling with Elsa on his hips to get into the kitchen and find that damn sword. When had he gotten so soft?

Elsa giggles at his sudden movement and clutched his shirt to stay afoot.

"I think he left it on his chair.", she suggested, and he went to check.

And right there the plastic sword laid. He picked it up and walked back into the room to see that George had finished with his little makeover session.

"Here, don't lose it again."

Lucas stood up and wrapped himself around his leg while giggling, the sword laid on the couch already forgotten, and Clay sighed. He looked up at George and motioned towards the bathroom.

"You can get yourself ready I can entertain them for a while."

George headed off and Clay turned on the tv again. He opened their Netflix account and scrolled through the Halloween Section before he chose a random Halloween children movie.

He propped himself down on the couch and opened his arm up to both sides. Before he could say another word the two pups bounced into his arms and snuggled closer.

He checked the clock and noticed that they had half an hour before they could go.

"We won't be able to finish the movie but maybe we could finish it tomorrow."

Lucas nodded at his words, but Elsa was focused on the movie and blended his words out.

They got far enough in the movie to see the character find a solution for the problem but then George emerged from the Bathroom.

And well Dream had to do a double take when he looked over his shoulder. He had known that George would dress up as another Peter Pan character, but as Wendy? He had not expected that! George had swapped out the blue nightgown for a blue shirt that matched his own in some ways.

The omega however wasn't wearing embarrassing tights but rather a wide legged pant that had ruffles at his ankles. It looked like an old fashioned pj's.

"Darling, eh?", Clay joked, and George flushed a bit

"Oh, shut it. My other option was a mermaid or part of Hooks crew. We would have missed an important character, so someone had to stand up for the role."

Clay nodded and smiled; George did look cute in the weird pyjama like costume, but he supposed that his omega would look good in anything.

At 20:00 they finally left the house and went out on the streets. The kids had their little pumpkin buckets and were running up and down the houses while George and Dream stayed back to watch over them from not too far away.

"So, do you like it?", George questioned and swunged their hands a bit as they walked a bit faster to catch up to their kids.

"It's nice. I thought it would be more hectic or anything but it's kind of like taking a late-night walk with you and the kids."

George chuckled a bit and he raised his eyebrow in question.

"What?"

"Oh, just you wait. They haven't eaten any of that candy yet. In an hour, the scene will change."

"Why would it change?", Clay asked with confusion and curiosity carrying his voice. The kids were having a great day, he doubted it would go wrong.

And boy did it go wrong.

It didn't take an hour for it to change. At some point the kids had started eating the collected candy while trick or treating. He understood what George had meant now.

The kids had started getting snappy and cranky. And Clay? He wasn't having the best time anymore.

He had two kids that were ready for bed but were high on sugar and fighting the sleepiness as best as they could. The high on sugar made them jittery, he couldn't stop to notice the jumping motion of Luca. The boy kept jumping over the cracks in the sidewalk while counting down a little rhyme they must have learned in school about Halloween.

Clay sighed and grunted in annoyance as he heard George chuckle at his despair right next to him.

"Not as fun anymore, or?"

He didn't want to admit it but the omega had been right. The kids could be hard. He had no idea that a little bit of sugar could get them this pitched up.

"I just hope we can get them to sleep tonight.", he mumbled.

George intervened their fingers again and smiled up at him sweetly. The omegas cheeks were rosy from the cold air, the nightgown costume didn't seem to keep him warm much.

“Don’t worry, I have a secret recipe for that already.”

The recipe turned out to be simply hot milk. And luckily it worked, he was happy to have learned more about being a parent. Even if the day had been eventful and he had almost lost his nerves at one point he was glad to have George on his side, ready to conquer all those hardships with him.

Chapter End Notes

Please for the love of god comment. I see that many of you are reading and bookmarking it but not commenting...

Kudos are fine too just please any type of feedback!

Not much of a stranger anymore

Chapter Summary

Dinner is ready and the kids are curious.

Chapter Notes

hey my poor beta reader is dealing with a lot alot, if anyone wants to help out contact me on twitter!

@Kassyseptic
<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dinner was anything else but quiet. The kids kept talking over each other and asking holes into Clay. The alpha was glad to answer them all but sometimes he had to cushion the truth with a few lies so as to not slip up and spill their secret before the time was right. It was starting to get tiring but he tried his best to keep them entertained.

“So you are like a soldier and a secret agent?!”, Lucas questioned with excitement in his voice after Clay had finished explaining his job. Clay bit his lip as to not laugh and shook his head.

“No not exactly. I was a soldier but now I’m working as a person that protects against hackers.” Clay tried to explain and took a sip from his drink. George and he were already done with eating, but the kids were still messily switching between talking, eating and drinking.

“So you are a hacker protecting against hackers! That’s like a double hacker!”, Elsa exclaimed, and Clay shrugged his shoulders. It was close enough to what his actual job included.

“Yes, kind of.”

Luca finished his toast and opened his mouth to ask the next question, but was interrupted by George.

“Hey, finish your food first.”

Luca groaned but complied and started chewing on the rest of his veggies.

“So what do you two want to become when you're older?”, Clay questioned and leaned back in his seat.

Elsa was the first to answer and started telling him excitedly about her plans.

“I want to become a lawyer and help people like papas friend!”

Clay looked at George with the question in his eyes but the omega shook his head as if to say:

“We’ll talk about it later, not now.”

He decided to ignore the obvious question and moved on to ask Lucas about his

The yawns kept adding up and George finally ushered them up.

“Okay you guys are too tired to stay up. Brush your teeth and put on the pjs its bed time!”

“But pa! That’s so unfair you promised we get to stay up longer if friends are over.”

George quirked his eyebrow upwards and Elsa’s mouth shut quickly.

“That meant your friends, Clay is my friend, and we want to have some time together too. I promise you’ll see him again.”

Elsa had that angry look in her eyes that only kids could produce but she didn’t say anything and just huffed as she stomped towards her room to change.

“You promise you’ll be back?”

George turned his head towards the noise and cooed slightly at the cute image. Lucas was still cuddled up under Clay’s right arm.

“I promise it, pinky promise?”, Clay reached over with his other arm and held out his little pinky finger. Lucas quickly shook it and wriggled himself out of the embrace to stand up.

“Promise that you will visit us before Halloween?” Lucas asked with a stern face.

Clay shook their pinkies together as he answered the question.

“I pinky promise I’ll visit before Halloween passes.”

Lucas seemed to accept that as he turned around and followed his sister.

“They’re cute.”, Clay started, and George shrugged.

“Yeah. Just you wait. They’re cute right now but wait 20 more minutes and they turn into small terror monsters. If they become cranky it’s the worst.”

“I still think they’re cute.”

George hummed and pushed himself up from the couch.

“I’ll go check on them now. I don’t want them to goof around too much. I’d offer to let you read them a bedtime story but that will get them too excited. Maybe next time? If you want you can put away the dishes?”

“Yeah, sure.”

George smiled and followed the giggles into the bathroom. Lucas and Elsa were dressed in their pjs while scrubbing their teeth in a competitive race. The little mickey mouse hourglass was left ignored as the two struggled to brush faster as the other.

“Hey, didn’t we talk about this before? Your gums will start bleeding!”, George lectured. Four

eyes met his own in the mirror but continued to scrub as fast as they could. George sighed and shrugged his shoulders as he turned around and turned on the light in the kids room. He was greeted by the usual mess of toys all over the floor and socks in the most unusual places.

He kicked a small path with his feet and winced as he stepped on something that felt dangerously like a small Lego piece.

The bunk bed was hastily made and looked just like they had left it in the morning. He could see that Lucas had at least tried to fold his blanket a bit and he appreciated the gesture at least.

He climbed up the few steps of the latter to fluff up Elsa's pillow and tucked her sheets under the mattress. He didn't bother with the blanket as he knew it would just be scrunched up in a few seconds.

He repeated the same steps with Lucas bedside as he heard the water in the bathroom being quickly turned on and off. He laid the pillow back down and turned on the two little night lamps on the wall.

Clay would love the decoration too, the two lamps were two diamond ore blocks that hung on the wall close to the kids feet. He had another light lamp installed at the door to help the kids navigate in the dark in case they had to go onto the toilet.

The children's bed sheets were sadly not Minecraft themed. The kids had chosen them on their own, Lucas had picked out a Shrek themed cover. Which meant that George was left with a close up of the ogres face every time he brought the two to bed. But Elsa's pick wasn't better, fitting to her name she had picked a frozen themed one, luckily she had left her frozen phase a bit behind but the bed sheets were a constant reminder to the times she'd wake him by singing 'Let it go' at the top of her lungs.

His thoughts were interrupted by the kids jumping into the room while arguing about who picked the bed time story.

Maybe he should have brought Clay along, to show him the other side of the two kids.

"You chose last time! I want a princess story!"

"No, those are boring! I don't wanna hear about princesses!"

"I can't hear you! Lalalalala!", Elsa sang, and George groaned at the shrill voice.

"Stop!", he hollered and the two faces quickly turned to him while stopping their next shrieks of words.

"If you two don't quiet down right now there won't be a bedtime story. Either you decide now on a story, or I pick!"

Without a verbal answer he pointed towards the bed and reached up to the small shelf to pick out a story. He wanted something short that didn't take much time, he wanted to have enough time to talk with Clay so he picked out a random short story.

"Once upon a time...", he started reading and continued. As he read the story the two got quieter and quieter till they eventually stopped moving and fell asleep. He hadn't reached the stories ending so he talked just a minute longer to make sure they were asleep before he stood up and quietly tiptoed around the room to leave. As he closed the door he passed the bathroom and checked that their toothbrushes were neatly stacked away.

He entered back into the kitchen and smiled as he saw Clay finish cleaning up the area.

“It would have been enough to just put it in the dishwasher and let me do the rest but thank you.”

Clay turned around in surprise and rubbed his neck slowly as he shrugged slightly.

“I wanted to help you a bit. I saw how much you had to do today and thought I could take some of that weight of you by just helping you have a nice evening.”

George nodded and took another towel to help with the drying off.

“Oh wait,” George interrupted and pulled out his phone from his back pocket, „can you put in your new number? I want to have some way of con-“But before he could finish Clay had already taken the phone and started typing.

“You don’t need to explain yourself to me. Of course, you can have my number”

George smiled and took back his phone. On the image the new contact was displayed as ‘Dream :)’ the old chatroom nickname of Clay.

“So, I want to hear it from you again. Like a verbal answer. Those two, they’re my kids?”

George took in a deep breath and nodded. He put the phone away and picked up the towel.

“Yes. Lucas and Elsa are your pups too.”, from his answer he hears Clay take in a sharp breath but they stay silent and continue drying the dishes.

“This reminds me of college.”

“What why?”

“I guess it’s just you are this close. I mean we haven’t been together in what, 9 years?”

“Yeah,” George let his thoughts drift off a bit. He could not believe that 9 years had passed already. He had spent the last 9 years wondering if he was doing this whole parent thing right, wondering if he was ready to tell Clay or if it was better to just move on. “it’s crazy.”

“I agree. Not as crazy as the last time we saw each other, eh?”, Clay said and chuckled.

George didn’t chuckle. He cringed at the thought of their last meeting, at his own words and at his screaming. He had thrown around everything that was close enough just to show his anger.

“Yeah.”, he whispers and chuckles a bit to hide his thoughts. But of course, Clay notices and stops his motion and turns around.

“Hey what’s wrong?”, the blonde asks, and George tried his hardest to hold in his tears. But Clay’s caring facial expression and gentle tone broke his damn and he let go of the towel to hide his face behind his palms.

“I’m sorry”, he admits and repeats the phrase. “I’m so so sorry. I should have said all those things and I definitely shouldn’t have hidden the kids. I know that I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

“Oh no no no,”, Clay reached out for him and pulled him closer,” calm down it’s in the past.”

George shook his head:

"No, I should have contacted you years ago. I tried, I promise! I wrote letters but they always sounded wrong! I tried with phone calls, but you never picked up and after sometime it wouldn't ring at all. I thought you had possibly blocked me...", George slowly pulled his hands away from his face and looked up at Clay.

"Hey Gorge calm down, you're panicking. The smell will wake up the kids. Hush.", Clay tried but George shook his head. He took a step back and regretted it as he left the warmth of Clays closure.

He took in a sharp breath and wrapped his arm around himself to calm down.

"I thought about calling your parents, but I was sure they'd not even let me talk. Remember how they disliked me in college? They didn't like our relationship too much or well rather how fast it was moving and I think showing them the kids would have made it worse."

"What? No! Trust me they loved you. I hated college with a passion, I wanted to drop out and just work but when we got together I wanted to stay and keep going. You were the reason I stayed in college. I wanted to provide for you and I knew I had to get a good paying job if I wanted to do that. They loved you for that."

George sniffled and nodded as the other moved to comfort him.

"Better?", Clay questioned and rubbed his sides a bit. "Don't worry. It's going to be fine. I'm not angry. I'm just.... I don't know. Shocked and Surprised still? I wanted this for so long and it was right under my nose. Why didn't you abort if you didn't wan-"

George had to double take at the words and pushed Clay from him. His hand moved faster than ever and he slapped Clay. He looks at the red hand mark with surprise but he can't find the strength to say sorry.

"Don't ever say that again. I would never ever have gotten rid of them. They weren't a mistake and, god, one dumb fight was never enough to make me stop loving you. What did you think? That I'd forget 3 years of us planning for a home all just because of a fight?"

Clay himself stands up straighter and Georges own posture moves into one of defence.

"No...but you knew you'd be alone. I left you. I had no chance of coming back. But I could have been here already. I could have been here 4 years already. If only you'd have contacted me. Why didn't you try Nick? You know I would have loved pups!"

"I couldn't contact Nick. I hadn't talked with him in years. The first time I have seen him again was last month with the kids. He recognized them immediately almost faster than you even. He was so angry at first, but I had to make him promise not to tell you. But I would have told you. Nick made me promise to tell you in the next 3 months or he was going to."

"Would you have told me without him?" Clay asked and his voice is quieter than before.

George looked up and continued with a stern voice that showed his sincerity:

"Yes! I wouldn't have hidden this if I could have called you. I can show you! I haven't changed my phone number. It's the same. I have every call I made on there."

"This is crazy. I can't believe that I missed 9 years of their lives. I missed so much...", Clay sighed and turned his head to look up at the light.

"You don't have to miss anymore.", George answered before he thought about the meaning behind the words. He wanted Clay back but he doesn't want to push the other too much in fear that he will leave.

"Promise? I want to try again, I want to try being a dad and I want to try....I want to try us again. I know I made a huge mistake bu-"

"Hey. I made one too. It's okay. I think we can sort that out another time. And I do want to try again..."

George falls forward into Clays arms and he hides his face in the muscular chest.

"You changed so goddamn much. But your scent didn't. I smelt you even before you got on the train."

There is a small thud sound behind them and as they turn around George lets go an audible gasp as his hand flies to cover his mouth. Elsa is standing in between the door with her little muffin plushie laying on the ground.

Her eyes are wide, too wide for her to have just woken up and her hair is tossed into different directions. She stares at Clay with the biggest question in her eyes a 9-year-old could have.

"You're my dad?", she asks and looks the alpha up and down in surprise.

George hears the alpha mutter something under his breath that sounds dangerously close to a curse and he draws in a sharp breath.

Damage control was now important. They had to stop her from crying before she woke up Lucas.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and some kudos! They kinda decide how fast i post the next chapter <3

Want to talk with me? Or help out and beta read?
@Kassyseptic <- dm me on there <3

Talking it out

Chapter Summary

They talk about what happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay wasn't sure about this; how should he handle this reaction? With comfort? Should he explain or was it George's task? He decided his best bet was on his instinct. George knew her better and would be better at calming the pup down.

Too bad that the pup didn't want that. George's open arms were met with an angry throw of the brown muffin plushie hitting the omegas chest and bouncing back off towards the carpeted ground.

The little girl stared at the omega with a scarlet sparkle in her eyes and it didn't take a genius to figure out the next part. He could see a temper tantrum forming from miles away, his little sister had helped him figure that much out. Clay reached out and started hushing apologies to Elsa.

If she threw a tantrum about this they were screwed, it was the middle of the night and Lucas would definitely hear the noise.

"I know this is a lot but please stop crying. We can't bear to see you cry like this.", the girls eyes shot to him and she stepped forwards closer to him.

He was unsure of what to do and peeked over to George, the omega was still left in shock. His formerly inviting arms were drawn back to his side and he looked downwards at the muffin plush in a state akin to fear.

He looked back to Elsa and opened his arm a bit more, was she only angry at George?

Elsa took another step forward, her first clenched a bit as if she was deciding between hitting him or falling into his arms. The latter one won and with the next step she leaped into his chest and hugged him like her life depended on it.

He couldn't lie, the feeling of a child trusting you and having them in their arms like this was very rewarding. His thoughts changed into lightheaded ones and he felt like he was finally doing something completely right.

"You're my dad!" Elsa mumbled against his chest and hit her nose in his shirt's fabric.

He curled around his pup and rocked them a bit to calm the oncoming sobs.

Elsa's little body shook, and he mirrored the things he had seen mothers do on tv.

"Shhhh", he hummed and tried his best to start purring to calm her, when was the last time he had purred for someone, maybe with George? God who knew, the rumbles inside his throat and chest sounded a bit rusty but they worked as Elsa put her ears closer to the sound and took deeper breaths

as her silent tears fell down her cheeks and soaked his shirt.

“You’re my dad!”, she exclaimed again and rubbed her forehead against his chest as if to shake away a bad headache. He nodded at her words and didn’t dare to interrupt his rumbles.

Elsa was an unpresented child which meant that the scent she carried was a mix of the scented around her, she smelled mostly like George but from his angle he could smell the cheap blueberry scent children’s shampoos carried.

“We were planning on telling you soon.”, George uttered carefully. As Clay turned his head, he saw the omegas hand reaching for Elsa but slowly drawing it back as if trying to pet a scared deer.

“But you knew! You knew about it! Why did you never tell us anything! I just thought something had happened to our dad! I thought he was up in heaven with the angels like Lisa’s mommy!”, Elsa bellowed and whipped her head to George.

Her cheeks were red in anger and the tear stains had left visible marks on the skin, small red irritated patches, and a messy snotty nose. A quick look down confirmed the snot and Clay had to interrupt his purr to wince and pull back slightly.

“I couldn’t tell you because it is grown up stuff!”

“You’re a liar! He definitely likes us so why didn’t you tell us!”

“Elsa you are too young you don’t understand!”, George started and Clay flinched from the raised voice. He pushed Elsa fully off his lap and pushed himself between the two.

“Quiet down! Both of you. We can talk about this without waking Lucas.”

“Hmmpf!”, both turned away from him and out their noses upwards. Clay rolled his eyes at the dramatics but on the inside, he was giggling. No way would he have thought that George would stay childish and even pass his small flair for the dramatic onto the next generation.

“How about a nice talk in the living room!”, Clay interrupted and pushed himself up. The little girl was quick to follow and mirrored his actions.

They sat down on the sofa and Elsa was quick to take the left side of the couch, but Clay ushered her into the middle.

“So where do we start? Maybe do you have a question first, Elsa?”, Clay started.

Elsa stared down on her feet as she wriggler her toes a bit and thought about it.

“I don’t know, just why aren’t you always here?”

“Remember about my duty as a soldier? I couldn’t just leave it, once you say yes to the military you can’t just leave- “

“It’s fine, Clay. Tell her.”, George interrupted quietly seemingly drawn back in his own thoughts.

“Alright”, he began. “You see, your papa and I had a big fight, and we didn’t know about the pregnancy around that time. We fought a whole night and, on that night, I packed my stuff and left

him, we didn't talk again after that and so I never knew about you."

Elsa seemed to want to ask something, but her mouth closed again, she looked back up at him and asked him with the most serious tone a 9-year-old could manage:

"Will you leave again, now?"

"No, I don't plan to unless...", he looked at George and at the confirmative nod he continued, "I plan to stay forever now. You're definitely not getting rid of me."

Her corners of the mouth moved up a bit, but she didn't smile. Her face was still red, especially around the cheeks and he could feel the anger inside of her still steaming hot.

"Papa, why did you lie?" Elsa asked, but this time her voice was softer and more hurt.

George looked up and blinked as if he was waking up and played with his shirt while answering.

"I didn't know how to start, honey. What could I have told you that would have made it better? If I would have straight up told you, you would have wanted to see him, but Clay didn't have any idea about you so it would have been awkward for us to just show up. It just never was the right time..."

"But if it would have been awkward why did it work just fine now!"

"Oh honey, we really just met today again, I promise it wasn't planned out. I never tried to hide you from him and when he saw you, he just knew."

"How? He hadn't seen us at all!", Elsa argued.

George sighed and stood up, he walked over to a bookshelf and opened a book that revealed to have a small safe inside of it. He opened it and pulled out a small stack of pictures, as George got closer, he started to recognize the first photo.

"You kept our photos!", he gasped and reached out for them but George put them down on the small coffee table. One by one he placed them until there wasn't enough room for more and he had to put the rest down on a pile for now.

"Those are pictures of me and your dad. Some are even from before we met. The ones where your dad is younger are from a friend."

George slung an arm around Elsa and pointed at a photo of Clay's younger version.

"That is you dad, see the similarity to someone?"

Elsa reached for the photograph that had the weird colours only a 90's camera could print and held it up next to Clay's face.

"He looks so much like Lukas!"

"Exactly, that's how he knew. They look so similar. The eyes are the only thing that you can really tell apart. Look how blue they were."

Elsa put the photo down and leaned over the table to look at more.

Clay could see a few pictures from his childhood that only Nick could have had, him at the zoo with his parents, a birthday party with friends, him and Nick at a Lan-Party and many more. There were more recent ones from his college days, and they were mostly filled with George and him.

The very first week when he met George, at that time George was still taking photos like a tourist, most shots seemed to be of pretty building or structure, but Clay was sneaked into the shot. He could see the sneaky shots multiplying and getting over to where at some pints George had just started taking photos of him.

Then there were photos with old mutual friends. Alexis, the omega George couldn't stand for a long time, then Darryl, a nice beta they had befriended pretty quickly but Clay had lost contact with ages ago. Nick, his best friend, was in many of these shots too, and even Schlatt was one some of them.

Schlatt and him hadn't always agreed but he really wondered what that man was doing now.

"I haven't seen those people in ages.", he muttered and George gave him a sad smile in return.

Elsa held up another picture, one of the ones George had taken secretly at the start of them getting to know each other and mustered it carefully.

"You look bigger now! You have gotten stronger! Like superman!"

He chuckles and pretends to flex his arm to impress her.

"That was my goal all along, to become like Superman! But you can't tell anyone!", he jested and poked her softly between the ribcages. She left out a small yelp and chuckled, her anger had cooled down and she looked more happier now.

His eyes wandered around the room but were caught on the clock.

"Oh sh- shoot! I need to go!", he jumped up and looked back at the two.

"I'm sorry but I really need to catch this train, call me if you need me. That means you too, Elsa. Don't be shy. I will hurry up now."

"Wait!", George whisper-yelled and jumped up. "Let me bring you down the station at least!"

But Clay shook his head as he shrugged on his jacket.

"It's fine. Elsa needs you right now. Call me if you need me."

George sighed but opened the door for him as Elsa's feet quickly darted around the corner into the floor to stop Clay.

"Will I see you tomorrow?", she asked, and George almost wanted to tell her to let Clay go but he couldn't.

Clay had the same problem and kneeled to her level.

"I pinkie swear I will be here tomorrow, little mouse. Now I gotta go though so see you tomorrow. I wish you both a good night and some good dreams.", he ruffled her hair before leaving a quick peck on her hair and sprinting down the staircase.

George couldn't utter another word as he heard the apartment building complex door open and close in a hurry.

He sighed and held out his hand carefully for Elsa. This would be a long night.

George locked the door after Clay left and returned with Elsa to the living room. He made a quick

departure into the kitchen and started heating up some milk for a quick hot chocolate.

He thought about his next actions and about the small heart to heart talk they had had. Was it enough? Should he have tried more? Was Lucas going to react the same way?

He sighed and stirred in the cocoa powder with the sugar and filled the drink into two big cups. One was Elsa's usual frozen mug and the other was his own with a boring stripe pattern.

He smiled back at Olaf and returned to the living room where he carefully put down the mugs.

"Carefully it's still hot.", he explained and got more comfortable on the sofa.

"Papa will Clay move in with us?"

George had to cough from the spit he accidentally swallowed too quickly.

"What? No, no! Not yet at least."

"But all lovers move together, it's just like the fairy tales.", Elsa said and picked up another photograph to inspect it.

"Your dad and me aren't together right now."

Elsa dropped the picture and scrunched her eyebrows.

"But why? You aren't still fighting, or?"

"Well no, but we need time. You can't just start a relationship after not having seen the other in years. Love takes time."

"Adults are dumb.", Elsa huffed and turned back to the pictures. George smiled and leaned back knowing full well that he was forgiven in her books.

Chapter End Notes

Is the chapter length okay? It's shorter than usual. Oh and please leave some kudos and comments! Even if it's just a short "can't wait for the next part" i'm happy. Also readers that read this without an account: you can still kudo it! It's free and it's free clout for me!

Moving in at home

Chapter Summary

4000 words! I promised a longer chapter and here it is! I hope you guys like it! And yeah, he didn't meet the parents yet he will meet them next chapter, I had to set the scene first and tell you more about the new home.

Also some of you are finding my hints.... there is a new one in this chapter... good luck :)

btw some events that are going to happen in the future aren't in the tags yet. I update the tags as we go on just to not spoil anything.

And no beta reader here, we die like man! I didn't beta read this so sorry hahaha

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay took in a deep breath of the cold nightly air. The central station of Bormin looked almost the same as it did 9 years ago, the pavement was in the form of small cubes who felt horrid to walk on in flat thin soled shoes but even worse in high heels. He remembered his mother complaining about those same stones every day she picked him up from this place. The lamps illuminating the station were still in the same style, but some looked newer, and the former deserted pizza place was now filled with an Arabian shop. There were only minor differences, the small bus stops now had screens playing ads seemingly all throughout the night.

The scent of roasted sugar coated almonds laid in the air from a nearby corner shop, he debated buying a pack and taking them to his new home but as he looked at the station's big clock, he shook his head in silence. If he wanted to get some sleep this evening, he would have to start walking. His feet were hurting, and he cursed the thin soled black leather shoes he had chosen for this very day.

If he would have known that he would take a quick departure to George, or any other friend for that matter, he would have worn more comfortable footing. Looking down at his clothes he could conclude what every passer-by must have seen. There were some patches of white drool on his chest he could thank Elsa for, some faint outlines of wrinkles here and there and a small spot of where a piece of egg from dinner had fallen on his pant leg and left a small speck of oil.

His last clothes were now ruined and certainly not usable for the next day. Wasn't a family lovely?

He had no other option; this would have to do for tomorrow. Looking up at the clock again he cursed the big pointers on the clock for not moving backwards in time. Just one hour and he would have been able to enter some quick fashions store and buy a quick set of clothes.

He inhaled the sweet scent of sugary almonds once more before taking out his phone and typing in the location into his phone, he knew the city but not having been here in 9 years made him unsure. He wanted to arrive sooner rather than later.

15 minutes on foot , the little navigation app told him.

He groaned loudly, attracting resulting in stares from the people scattered around the station, but he didn't mind them. He felt his stomach grumble at the sweet tempting scent of food in the night, but he ignored it and started his journey back home.

As he arrived in front of the house, he had so far seen only on his phone's 6 inch screen. The little pathway to the front door was adorned by a small stone garden with different succulents growing all around. The different coloured stones made it look rather elegant.

He looked around before kneeling and slipping his hands under the single decoration adorning the front steps, a plant in a white flower pot. He reached underneath the flowerpot and pulled out the singular key for the front door.

Just as his sister had promised.

He fumbled with the key a bit as he tried to find the keyhole in the dark of the night. A clicking noise and a small twist and he was inside of his brand-new home.

He stepped inside and closed the door before trying to find the light switch. He slapped the whole in different places to hit the light switch but didn't find one. He sighed and pulled out his phone to turn on the flashlight.

With the help of the additional light he found the switch and illuminated the floor in bright white light.

Bigger than it seemed on his display, that was his first thought. The floor was all dark wood plank that shone as if polished with oil, he whistled in surprise of the clean look and bowed down to take off his shoes. He put them on a small shoe shelf that looked barren without any additional shoes.

Eerily lonely, he subsided and slowly walked through the floor into an open area living room.

The living room was connected to an open kitchen area with a familiar stone counter he had seen his sister sit at on multiple of their calls. He let his eyes travel over the room and took in the loneliness. He could see that his little sister had tried her best to liven up the place but one just couldn't when no one was living there. The sofa looked anything but inviting with its dark cold leather, there was no tv either and the concerning amount of pictures missing all around made it almost feel creepy.

He walked further and checked out the kitchen.

A small "Bingo." Was uttered as he found one of these cheap coffee machines that brew you a cup rather quickly. He opened a few cupboards and found the capsules, he put in a cappuccino and turned on the machine. The background sounds of the machine gurgling made him feel slightly better.

His backpack was getting heavy, so he decided to find his bedroom and put it down. It wasn't hard to spot the door to his personal room, his sister had hung up the old sign he used to have in front of his room at their parents' home.

"No girls allowed! That means you, Drista!" stood on their in-foam letters on grey cardboard surfaces. He chuckled at the sign but didn't take it off.

As he opened the door he was met with a much more friendly looking room. Boxes were all over the room all of them filled and next to some were piles of folded empty cardboard boxes.

His old bed from his teenage days stood in the middle, a king-sized bed with dark blue covers that

seemed rather new. He couldn't remember a time where he earned bed sheets that weren't video game themed in his childhood.

He let his backpack fall onto the floor and flared out his arms as he let himself fall onto the bed, face first.

The mattress bounced him up a few times, but he stayed with his head buried in the comfortable soft fabric.

He flopped around and started pulling off his clothes. He was happy to get out of them after having travelled over 24 hours in them.

He got to his boxers and debated taking a shower but looking at his phone's clock he decided to leave that for tomorrow morning.

The gurgling of the coffee machine got louder and he interpreted it as a call for him to get up.

He pushed himself upwards and went to grab his steaming mug. The coffeemaker was indeed finished, as he took a sip from the hot liquid he relaxed against the counter.

The heat from the coffee warmed him up a ton. He probably should turn off the heaters before going to sleep. He opened his eyes as an idea crossed his mind, or rather a memory.

"Ok Google, turn the heating on!", he bellowed out into the lonely room and somewhere in the living room a sound indicated that he was right.

His sister had installed him a small smart home system, it wasn't complete, but she had talked about connecting some lights and the ac to it.

As he finished his cup, he got tired and decided to open his phone one last time before going to sleep.

He sent a short text to George, letting the omega know that he had arrived safely at home and was going to bed.

'Wish Elsa a good night too if she's still awake.' He added and hit send.

It didn't take more than a minute before his text notification sound played and he checked his phone.

'I put her to bed ten minutes after you left. We ended the day with hot chocolate and talking about the pictures. At some point she started snoring and I carried her to bed. I was just waiting for you to text before going to sleep.'

He smiled at Georges worries and made sure to let the other know he was fine.

'That's good. Go to sleep now then. I'm fine, the new home is really nice. I got a lot of stuff I need to unpack though so that might take up a lot of time.'

Sleep well!'

He put the cup down in the sink and went back to his bed. The room had gotten warmer and he slipped under the covers satisfied with his day.

Another notification tune made him look up once more and see that George had messaged him again. As he saw the message he smiled.

'No "I love you?" and no "xxx"? Who are you and what have you done to my Clay!'

He turned towards his screen and typed his answer. He remembered texting like this all the time with George but it felt weird to do so now. He thought he would never see the day where George would demand those small text messages, the omega had always refused to acknowledge the sappy messages.

'I remember you complaining about them for days!'

His phone buzzed.

'Doesn't mean I don't want them. I like the complaining part, but you don't get to take those away from me just because I complain about them.'

'So, demanding! And no. You need to earn them.'

'What was that about me being your little pillow princess and getting everything, I ask for?'

'Now you're just making it worse.'

'Say it!'

'Next time.'

'Okay, then let's turn this around. Love you, night! Dream of me.'

'You're stupid and an idiot.'

'And?'

'Goodnight xoxo'

';-)'

He turned off his phone's notifications and closed his eyes. Tomorrow will be a new day and exciting day. His new life was about to start.

Clay opened his eyes to the noise of his phone alarm blaring a song from the 90s. He rolled over and away from the notice and tried to damp it by pushing the blanket down on his ears. The soft fabric was warm from his own body heat and it was hard to even think about leaving the bed.

He took off the blanket and let out a big yawn while stretching. His alarm turned off, presumably to be ready to blare at him in 10 minutes.

He put one foot out from under the blanket and placed it onto the floor. He was surprised when he found carpet, he hadn't noticed that the night before. He pushed himself up and looked into the fuzzy feeling of the floor. It was indeed carpeted but not all over the room. It's a big white carpet in the form of sheep skin.

He rubbed his feet over it and smiled at the softness of the wool.

He sighed and reached over to his phone.

04:36 am

He had to get up if he wanted to spend some time unpacking first. The various cardboard boxes

loomed over him in various sizes.

He sighed and pushed himself up with a swing. As he stepped into the floor he was greeted by the cold wood, he already missed the sheep carpet.

"Ok Google, play some music."

"Playing Spotify Music." The male voice responded. He preferred the male voice of the artificial intelligence system, the female one was just too high pitched for his ears in the morning.

A song of what he could only presume to be Dristas personal playlist started playing and he groaned. His sister's music taste was ruined by mainstream media in his opinion. But she would say the absolute same.

The Google device played some funky pop music. The music felt very european, different languages were mixed into the lyrics and he found himself swaying a little bit as he started to prepare his breakfast.

He started up the gurgling coffee machine and grabbed milk from the fridge.

A cereal box greeted him in the cupboard just above the dishwasher.

It was a box of plain old fashioned frosted flakes, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

He sat down at the counter and started spooning his cereal into his mouth while constructing a plan for the day.

First he had to start with the boxes. There were many still left unpacked. Maybe start with the ones in his bedroom? The next big thing on his mental to do list was a visit to his parents. There he would meet Drista too, they had agreed to have lunch together so he would arrive around 11 at his parents house.

He couldn't wait to see them again, he had missed them all these years. He wondered if his mom would cook his favorite tonight. Maybe some ribs?

He looked down at himself and remembered his clothes.

He was only wearing boxers and if he wanted to wear something adequate for a dinner with his parents he would have to change into at least a good shirt.

Maybe one of the boxes had some clothes.

He pushed himself up from his seat and put the ceramic bowl into the dishwasher.

He could always go around the town and shop later, for now he would unbox and check out the rest of the house.

He made a quick departure to the bathroom and was surprised to find a nice looking area. Drista had done a lot in here already. The floor was constructed with white big squared tiles all over, a white bathtub stood in the left corner and was facing a shower in the other corner. He stepped further into the room and shuddered at the cold touch of the tiles, he would have to buy a bathroom rug.

He opened the two cabinets, the first being closer to the toilet was empty and the second one over the sink was filled with a cheap razor package and a can of shaving foam.

He closed both and turned to the big cabinets in between the sink and the bathtub, both he found to be as empty as the first cabinet he opened.

He made a mental note to shop for some bathroom items as well, but they would have to wait until after he visited his parents.

Clay left the bathroom and checked into the guest room. Boy, did he have a small heart attack when he entered, the room was filled to the brim with boxes and trashbags. He opened one of the bags and peeked inside to find wrapping plastic in masses.

Well that certainly wasn't environmentally friendly. His curiosity won and he opened one of the bigger cartons, inside he found massive amounts of paper.

My old school documents, his mind supplied. Those must be from his old room then. He took out a laminated paper and smiled as he saw his certificate for football. On the backside were signatures from his old teammates. The nostalgia hit him when he saw Richies name. God, when was the last time he had spoken to that guy? about 10 or 11 years ago!

He put down the certificate and placed it back into the carton carefully.

From this he could assume that most of these cartons were filled with paper junk or other items from his past that he didn't really need now.

Luxuries, one would even say. Maybe a few important documents sprinkled in, so he couldn't put them in the garage.

Clay returned into the kitchen and grabbed a knife. Before he left to start opening and sorting through boxes he turned around one last time.

"Ok Google what time is it?", he asked the little a.i.

"It is 5:20 am." His eyes widened and he had to blink a few times, was it already this late? It had been a good decision afterall to wake up earlier.

"Oh so late! Ok Google, set me an alarm for 7:00 am."

"Ok, I set an alarm for 7 am." As the confirmation rang through the air he turned back to his task. He would use every single minute to get this done.

In the middle of folding the last carton in his room he heard the alarm of the a.i remind him that it was time to stop.

He let the carton fall down and stretched, getting on his tippy toes and trying to reach the ceiling.

As he looked over his accomplishment he could proudly declare he was satisfied. He had unpacked a lot and brought the items as best as he could to the right spots. The wardrobe behind bed was now visible and he had started filling the two small wardrobes. One side contained his bed stuff such as sheets, pillowcases and more and the other was left empty for his own wardrobe. More precisely for socks and underwear. The bigger wardrobe in the room was for the bigger stuff such

as shirts and pants.

Another item he had found was an old shirt from his high school days, it was way too small but the fabric was stretchy.

He grabbed it and the pants and socks from yesterday. It was better than nothing.

He showered with a single soapbar and added shampoo onto the items he had to buy.

As he was ready to get out he grabbed the key, his phone and wallet. As he exited he found himself hit with the cold morning air.

Clad in only a thin grey shirt he had no protection against the cold wind. He shuddered and continued on his way.

He took a bus this time and was dropped off in the middle of the city with different shops and one big shopping mall. He decided for the mall and began his shopping spree by entering the first male clothing store he could find.

It targeted neutral styles and the prices were fine. They promised to be environmentally friendly and after seeing all that plastic waste he felt like he could do something for the ecosystem.

He grabbed three basic tshirts in black, white and grey. The next stop were pants sizes, when was the last time he had purchased a pair of pants? His military uniform was in size L and M but did those apply for stores too? Or were there differences?

He grabbed the shirts in a size L, after all he remembered every shirt he owned in the military was an L, he had not fit into an M since starting to train and hitting up the gym.

Maybe he should go with a looser fit and choose L? Or should he trust the sizes from his military clothes.

“Excuse me Mister, may I be of assistance? You seem to be struggling.” Clay turned around and was met with the face that fit perfectly to the high customer talk voice. A shop assistant dressed in a cream turtleneck and black pants with short brunette hair smiled at him sweetly.

“Uhm, actually yes. I haven’t bought clothes in a while and I have no idea if my sizes are the same. My uniform is usually a size M pants fit and for shirts the size L.”, he explained and raised the t-shirt he had already picked.

“Uniform? Oh are you from the army? We have a discount for you guys! 15% off every clothing item. Your in luck! And for the matter of size don’t worry. I have a measurement tape. Let me just check and we can compare it. It’s quicker than the changing room.”

The girl whipped out the tape from a small pouch on her hips and held it up.

“Is it alright if I do so?”

He nodded and held still as she took his legs length and hips width.

“With our sizes you should definitely take the L. Most pants are pretty skinny at the thighs and you’re pretty muscular there. Go with an L.”, she exclaimed and pointed at a sizing chart in front of the various types of pants. She spun around and smiled sweetly again as she asked.

“Anything else I can help you with?”

“Uhm, not right now. Thank you.” The girl nodded and turned away, he saw he steer onwards to another customer before he returned to the decision of pants.

Her words flowed through his mind and he decided to skip the skinny jeans collection entirely. He focused on the wide legged ones and grabbed two jeans and a pair of business pants.

He strolled to the store a bit and found a nice jacket that had fleece inside to keep out the cold. He grabbed it in a XL just to have some room in case the temperatures dropped.

On his way to the register he grabbed two packs of boxer shorts and a stack of puma socks. As he put down his small clothing haul he pulled out his wallet and tugged out his military id card.

He waited for someone to show up at the cash register and to his surprise the same lady made a beeline towards him.

“Oh I see you finished! Did you get everything that you needed?”, she questioned and scanned her shop card at the cash register before checking his id.

“Yeah I did. Thank you for the help again.”

“No problem. Say, I heard the news about the war in Iraq is getting worse again. Is it true they might bring back the mandatory service?”

Now it was Clay’s turn to put on his best customer smile and speak.

“I’m only a soldier, so I can not tell you that. I can tell you that the war in Iraq seems to be getting worse again but the topic of the military service coming back you will have to ask someone else.”

She nodded but he could see her withdraw from their conversation, she had noticed his almost automated response. But he had no wish to get in trouble for supporting possible fake news about the military. Maybe it was going to come back, was that so bad? He himself had enjoyed his days there.

She handed him his change and bag with a smile again, he put the cousins and his id back into the wallet and grabbed the bag. The girl wished him a good day which he repeated on his way out.

A successful trip all in all. He checked the map for the mall and found that on the third floor was a drugstore, he’d go there to get some bare necessities for his bathroom and then grab something from one of the various food stands before leaving and going back home.

As he was done with shopping he was glad to be on his way back home with a nice kebab in his hand. He had found everything that he would need, shampoo, towels, new toothbrushes and toothpaste. The clothes were the heaviest item and to balance both bags one side was a bit tiresome but the kebab was worth it and his stomach was thanking him. It wasn’t much to eat but he had to look out to still be hungry when he arrived at his parents place or his mother would scold him.

“Terrible Manners, that’s what you have! Haven’t I taught you better?” The most common phrase he had heard at home. But in the end she was right, as usual. Her manners had landed him pretty high on the popular people to date list back in highschool and college.

As he arrived back at his place he was ready to rinse off all that dirt and step into those new clothes. He was excited to meet his parents and to see his little sister after so long again.

As he was in the middle of his shower a thought crossed his mind.

How was he going to tell them about George and the kids?

Oh fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Please I just want love. This is the only way I can get my daily serotonin so please! I am begging for clout! Just a kudo and a comment would mean everythign to me!

Please I need clout...

please-

I'm a dad

Chapter Summary

Please leave some love at the end! A comment is always appreciated!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His knuckles hit the doorframe three times before he noticed the bell. They hadn't had one before and he was surprised to see a fully electrical bell with a small camera attached to the dark oak door frame, the name 'Schneider' was scrawled in his father's handwriting over a small sticker stuck to it. He rang the new bell and it didn't take long before footsteps made their way towards him.

The door swung open and his mother greeted him with a big smile. Her brown hair was tied into a bun and some flour stuck to single strands hanging out. Her skin was still full of freckles but her eyes had wrinkles now, even her mouth corners wrinkled up as she smiled.

"Oh my baby!" She cried and slung her arms around him while swaying them both side to side. Her scent penetrated his nose immediately; she smelled so much like home, his eyes teared up at the nostalgic feel.

"Hey Mom." He answered and smiled into her hair, his voice wavered badly and he could feel his mom squeeze him even tighter. The familiar scent of his mother's favorite perfume and her own scent was mixed in the same way he knew oh so well. The smell of sweet citrus was entangled with the cinnamon like scent of his mother.

"I missed you so much! You have to tell us everything!" She mumbled and took a step back to draw him in. She had to look up because the height difference between the both of them had gotten more severe over the years.

"But i did tell you everything in the letters!" He answered and bit his lips from smiling so hard. Though his mothers looks had changed she was still the good old feisty omega woman he had grown to love.

She stopped and put a hand on her hip. She pointed with her index finger towards him and wriggled it up and down before speaking.

"I'm your mom! Do you think a letter will be enough? I was worried day for day! I need to know every little bit! And don't you dare leave out any of the juicy details!"

He chuckled and followed her into the kitchen as she turned around to lead the way.

The house seemed to be in almost the same condition he had left it in. The various rugs all over the floor had remained, they were in the most unusual colours with patterns and different materials. They had a stone floor without underneath heating which had resulted in his mom putting rugs on every inch of the house. She didn't like carpet too much, she always complained about the tedious cleaning process, which resulted in her liking the rugs more. The walls were pretty tame against the colorful floor. The kitchen had changed slightly, the walls remained the same but the machines on

the counters had changed. He turned back to his mom and opened his mouth when a new voice greeted him.

"Hey updog." Clay turned his head and was met with the open arms of his father as the man grinned from one ear to the other. The man's silver rimmed glasses were a new sight, they rested on the bridge of his nose where they were seemingly starting to slide off.

His fathers hair, the blond streaks were riddles with grey patches.

Clay turned so quickly to the man that he could feel his neck hurt. He didn't care though, his bond with his father had gotten severally better after he finished uni and went to the army. His father had been the one to use the remaining months before the training camp and train with him. They had prepared to make Clay stronger and more durable, the military was a straight testosterone zone and being weak wasn't an option there.

As Clay swung his arms around the man he could feel that the other had kept up his training even after he had left. His dad smelled still of the same aftershave that had that typical sandalwood scent. The man's own scent was always heavily masked by that.

"You kept on training?" He mumbled and felt his father's head nod as the man patted his back.

"Yeah, I thought I had to get over the problem of not wanting to train alone. I even found some friends there!"

He let go of his father and crooked his head to the side.

"And how do I look?" He asked and flexed his arm carefully as to not tear the fabric of the new shirt.

"Definitely better, you stand up straighter and you look healthier. I like that the short haircut has stayed, I hated the long hair." His father chuckled and flicked his head softly.

Clay shrugged with his shoulders. He sometimes missed his long hair, but then again everyone liked the short hair more so he stayed with that.

He turned back to see his mother carefully watching the both with a smile on her lips.

Clay understood her concerns. Before he had started university he and his dad had been on a bad wavelength, they never seemed to click. There was always something that made both alphas rage quickly.

A mere huff at his mother's words had resonated at a slap from his Dad. Now the situation had been resolved and the two males were closer than ever.

"Where's the worm?" Clay asked and snaked his way through the kitchen area to see what was cooking on the stove.

But as he opened the pot a hand snaked his own away from the stove.

"Ow" he groaned and flayed his hand around.

"No peeking! Just let it be a surprise!" His mother berated him. "And I don't know of any worm living in this house."

But the small snickering as she spoke the last words told him that she understood his implications.

"The only worm that I've seen around would be you." A new voice called from the living room area. As he turned away from the kitchen he saw his little sister turning around the corner and flicking him off with a bold grin.

"Mom!" He called and saw as the color drained from Dristas face as she quickly stumbled to make it seem like she was scratching her head with the finger.

Their parents just ignored the antics and circled around the stove to usher Clays prying eyes away.

He huffed and swung an arm around Drista as he led them both to the sofa. They plummeted down on the soft surface of the plaid mustered sofa.

The tv had been upgraded to a flat screen which hung proudly on the wall.

The new remote had bigger buttons too, maybe a senior remote? Had the short-sighted problems gotten worse?

"So, how's the new place?"

Clay smiled and turned back to his sister. She had definitely changed over the years, he had noticed so over the video chats but in person it felt more real.

"It's great. I can't start to even show you how grateful I am. You helped me a lot."

"What about you, how are you doing?" Clay asked.

"Eh," She answered and shrugged with grimace. "Financially I'm doing well, my job is paying well. Mentally it's so so."

Clay pushed himself up and waited for her to continue.

"Ah I guess it's just ...I'm lonely? I lost a lot of contact after finishing high school. I really thought that those friendships would stay, you know. Remember Emma?" Drista hugged her arms around herself as she kept on explaining. He nodded for her to continue and she did. Emma was Richie's little sister, a shy and loveable person that had always gotten along pretty well with Drista.

"I really thought she'd care more about me. She moved on so quick! It was like she never knew me! She decided to keep on going to school and went to university, at the start we texted a lot but then she started ignoring me." Drista kicked out her legs over his lap and sniffled as she kept on going.

"And then she blocked me, I was so confused and messaged her over FaceBook, who even uses that still?! But she simply blocked me on there too!" She took a deep breath and rubs at her eyes a bit. Her eyes are starting to look slightly red and Clay took it as his cue to come forwards with a hug. Drista pulled him closer and sniffles against his new black shirt, but in that moment the feelings of his sister are more important than some clothes.

"And then I'm like 'I can't just let 6 years of friendship vanish like that' so I drive out to her uni and ask around. I finally find her and what does she do? Tells me that I'm too clingy! And when I ask why she waves it off and goes onto this monologue in front of fucking everyone around us, mind it we're in the middle of the campus, how I'm such a controlling fake friend! So I tell her that I want to talk with her in private and that we can sort it out and then she starts screaming at me profanities like a child! She acts like I'm dumb and proceeds to scream like a child. And then she rants on about how she made it further than me, said I'm too dumb for her. And then she just storms off!"

Dristas sadness had changed into anger, her hands were gripping his shirt tightly and he pushed her slightly from himself.

"Well what happened then? Did you leave?"

"Obviously! I was done with here."

"Did you stay calm?" She quirks her eyebrow at his question and he crocks his head.

"I meant while the argument, come on I know you."

She rolls her eyes and wraps her arms around herself again. "Yeah, I screamed too." She admits and he can see her ears heat up in shame.

Clay hummed in acknowledgment and waited for her to continue but she didn't. He knew his sister; he knew that she was only human too and sometimes she showed her human flaws. Drista had been very demanding at the start of the friendship with Emma, but he knew that it had gotten better after a few months. He couldn't speak with much inside knowledge, but he knew that both girls always had a healthy competition with each other. Maybe Emma just felt like Drista had lost that competition?

"I remember you two being rather competitive with each other. You two always strived with that friendly rivalry. Maybe without the close proximity it turned bad? Maybe she feels like you lost and she's acting out on her so-called 'victory'. Deciding to go to university must have felt like a win." He kicked his sister's leg at her sour mine and gave her an encouraging smile.

"Hey, don't look so down! I myself didn't want to go and at the end I did, what did it do for me? Nothing! I met a ton of people who wasted their lives in university and ended up with a dead-beat job, just because they did what their parents wanted and not what they loved."

He sighed and scooted a bit closer. He leaned over and pointed at himself.

"Remember the big fights I had with dad? I would have ended up the same, at least I think so. I would have worked myself to death." He inhaled and leaned back a bit, Drista was still watching him closely. Her expression showed that she was listening closely, and he felt taken back many years. Back to times where Drista still believed he knew everything that was in this world. Back then she needed advice or protection from the monsters under her bed.

He smiled at the memory of her telling him about the scary man under her bed. The shadow man. Even now she was waiting patiently for his 'wisdom'.

"What I'm trying to say is, I get that you're angry. But I don't think you're angry about losing Emma. You're angry about what she said. I know how uncertain you were. After hearing how Dad was like with me you were scared it would be the same with you. But I promise you, you did the right thing, your job is your passion! Don't feel down for doing what you love. You're doing good, you're pretty stable you said so yourself! Cheer up, maybe in a few years you'll be famous! You'll sing in the biggest musicals! Maybe on Broadway!"

He poked her in between the ribs to cheer her up and she giggles while trying to escape his fingers.

"Stop! Haha! I get it!" She sprung up from the couch and took a deep breath before hugging him close and thanking him.

"Thanks for the pep talk, I really missed you."

"No problem, I missed you too worm."

She giggled and shoved him away. He joined into the fun and stood up quickly to tickle her again. But she was quicker this time and made a beeline towards the kitchen.

"Oh Drista perfect, I need some help with setting the table, would you-"

He could almost hear his sisters' stifled groans as she quickly agreed.

His father entered the living room, he was carrying a pack of cigarettes and nodded into the direction of the backyard.

"Want to go out for a bit? The girls can finish up the rest, your mom doesn't want to spoil the meal surprise yet."

Clay nodded and stepped out the backdoor with his dad.

His dad pulled a blue lighter from his back pocket. He scrolled the mechanism a few times before the lighter sparked and a small flame lit up the bud.

His father pulled two plastic chairs out and sat down before taking a deep breath from the cigarette.

"Want one?" His father asked and tangled the pack in front of his nose. Clay took his place on the other plastic chair and shook his shoulders.

"I quit, my friend Techno had a huge addiction. I quit with him together to help him."

His dad blew out the smoke and leaned back looking much calmer than before.

"Oh, I remember him, believe me." His dad chuckled and had to catch his breath a few times after having inhaled the smoke wrongly. His father smiled as caught himself and continued talking. "I remember the day when you suddenly appeared in the middle of the school term and just told us that you were going to stay here for the rest of the month before joining the army."

He chuckled and shook his head. "You always were uncontrollable."

"I guess. I am still happy about that decision. Look at us now, I don't think we'd ever be able to sit like this if I wouldn't have gone there. That month cleared a lot of shit."

His father nodded and clapped him on his shoulder.

"I know. You did good, son. I'm honestly proud about you. To have the courage and stand up to you old man like that..." His father redrew his hand and looked out into the distance of the garden. "I guess I would never have done that."

His father sighed and twirled his cigarette before taking the stub and flicking it down and scrunching it into the ground.

"But let us look at the present, how are you holding up? Have you met any friends yet? I met Richie in the supermarket just last week!"

Clay took in a deep breath and sighed as his father gave him the knowing look all parents had done imprinted into their bones.

"You met someone, but you don't seem that happy about it. Spill the beans, kid."

Clay bit his lip and ran his hands through his hair. He wasn't sure on how to start; sure the question would have come but then again he hadn't thought about a way to answer.

"Yes. I did meet someone...do you remember George?"

He turns towards his dad, who blinks before seemingly regaining his ability to think and nodding.

"God Bless that boy! Of course, how couldn't I? He was the one to set you straight for the first time in your life!" He smiled a bit and nodded at his father's words.

"Well, I met him."

"And?" His father questions with curiosity highlighting the word.

He took a deep breath and turned towards his father, he took his father's hands and looked at their palms together laying on the plastic chairs armrest.

"I'm a dad. You and mom are both grandparents."

His father opened his mouth a few times and closed it immediately after. He searched all over Clay's face as if to find traces of deceit and jest.

"You aren't lying?" His father's voice cracked at the end and the older man took his hand up to his own face as he pushed up his glasses and rubbed over his eyes. With red eyes and tears threatening to spill he smiled and hid his sniffing by continuing to speak.

"I'm a what?"

"You're a grandfather!" Clay continued and his dad nodded slowly taking the words in. His father nodded slowly and looked upwards into the sky. Clay could see the man's shoulder shake softly as he tried his best to hold back the transparent pearls.

He didn't get far, Clay tried to calm him by putting a hand on his back but that was when his father looked back at him and the tears started rolling down the old man's cheeks.

"Tell me everything."

And that's what he does. He tells his father about how he first met the family on the train and how he had this weird feeling he couldn't shake off as he looked at the two pups. He describes them in great detail and curses himself at not having asked for a picture to take home. His father listened closely the whole time and rubs his tears away till he looks composed again.

He finished with his story and his father is smiling in joy.

"That's lovely. I can not wait to see them. But tell me why did he hide them from you? I mean you two were so close, you never really told us what happened at the end, a fight alone couldn't be what brought this all on or?"

Clay winced and shook his head.

"That's for another day. I don't want to give you a bad image of George right now. He really did want to tell me about the kids, but he never found the right way. I think a part of him was just

worried about my reaction, the fight made us say some shit that we didn't mean."

His father nodded slowly. "But why didn't he contact us at least, his family is across the ocean! He would be working himself to death with two kids."

Clay winced at the accusing tone and reached out to calm his father.

"He's working really hard, I'm sure he was even more scared to meet you. I mean an omega showing up pregnant after your son had left for the army, that sounds like a bad drama. He had met you like twice before, I think he was worried that you would judge him. Maybe even not believe him."

"I see," His father sighed and shook his head. "We should have known, of course it would happen. You were stuck to George from the very start, your mother actually thought that you'd try to find him in a mere few months. But I guess you two met sooner."

His father cleared his throat and closed his palms together into a praying hand gesture. He sat there in silence for a few seconds, with his eyes closed before he turned to Clay and with the most solemn expression he said:

"You better take responsibility soon. You have to get your life together now quickly, a car is a must and I think you don't have much time to decide on what you want. Luckily I have the scrapbook ready. You also need to find out what you want with this new arrangement. If you want to get back with George or simply take care of the children is a difference that needs to be discussed. You need to find an agreement and make a contract. Now hear me out, I know it could feel like you don't need one but the contract will act as a safety net for both of you. Whatever happened all those years ago made George feel anxious enough to be scared to tell you, and you were clearly not ready to talk about your pride issues. Get a lawyer and make that contract and get George to sign. And boy let me tell you I will end you if there is one single thing that would make it easy for you to storm off and leave him with the two pups. He's an omega all alone living away from his parents! He has no one to back him up, he's all alone and god dammit Clay you know what happens."

His father huffed at the end of his speech and grasped his shoulder tightly. He swallowed as the icy blues focused on him.

"You can't leave him like this. I have no idea how he even managed to stay afloat so long."

Chapter End Notes

Pls give clout?

Need clout pls

Jittery Messs

Chapter Notes

Please read End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After the conversation with his father dinner started quickly. They had agreed to keep it quiet until the conversation could steer safely into that topic at dinner. He was glad to have his father by his side, he knew that someone knew already and that made it incredibly easier. As they sat down at the fully decked out table with napkins folded into special arrangements, he gasped at the dish standing proudly on the table. His mother's surprise dish turned out to be Buffalo Wings and potatoes with a killer dip recipe that his mother had perfected over the years.

"So Clay, tell us how is the new house? That was probably the first time I've seen anyone buy a house over a Video Call." His mother chirped and offered him some lemon water as she poured herself a glass.

"I mean Drista was there, she saw the whole thing. I trust her to pick a good one. The house is really nice. I like the modern theme. I have only one problem and that is clothes. I went shopping today just to get some fresh clothes. Also, some other stuff like toothbrushes and shampoo was missing but I got it now."

"Oh? Well if it's only clothes, I mean we still have some of your clothes you left when you moved back? Maybe some could still fit you? You can try when we're finished with dinner."

Well that was convenient, but he doubted that he'd fit in the old shirts. The shop clerk had been right with going a size bigger. Looking down the fabric of the shirt was just right for his upper body.

"I'll do that thanks! How about you? What have you two been doing?"

"Oh you know," His father started. "Retirement has been nice. I've more time for the little things now. Though it is still hard to relax and not think about work. Ask your mother! She is constantly thinking about what her schedule would have been like if she was still working at that school."

"Paul!" His mother scolded and chuckled lightly as the man shrugged his shoulders and gave a cocky grin.

"Don't listen to him, Clay. Retirement is nice, I'm spending my time in the garden. Oh, and I've started reading again, I'm even thinking about joining the small book club in the library!" His mother wavered around excitedly with her fork, making the food on her fork fall. The omega cursed quietly and took a napkin to quickly wipe up the mess.

"One more point for the stone floor, I'll tell you for forever that carpet is overrated!"

He smiled at the familiar antic as the other two at the table met eyes and rolled them simultaneously. Clay smiled and took a sip from the cold lemon water.

"Oh Clay, I wanted to ask you about the new job! How much does it pay you in comparison to the

one in the military?" His sister asked and turned towards him

He short circuited for a second and he thought about the difference. The workers at the military "Back to the Normal World" Building and helped him find that job. They had explained the major differences in great detail, different work hours, a private office and of course no more physical training. The pay difference wasn't that significant. If he remembered correctly he'd earn a few bucks more an hour.

"I think 55 an hour. Pretty good, or?" He mumbled and smiled as he heard the gasps of his family.

"You earn what?!" His sister exclaimed. As he looked up from his own plate she was staring at him with eyes as round as saucers.

"I know, it's not exactly normal. I had ties already and my knowledge on computing made me fairly popular. And then by luck a soldier retired and I got his position. I was really lucky. I haven't done much with the money yet, a lot of it went into the new house. But I think it'll be harder in the future."

"What do you mean? You earn more than me and my coworkers together! You can just save some money on the bank and make sure to get a good interest rate! You can definitely sustain yourself in the future!"

He smiled slightly and caught his dad's eyes as he put down the cutlery and took another sip from his water. His father understood his indication and gave him a nod to continue.

"It's still not enough, I need to think about the new costs. Two new beds, a bunch of toys, maybe some books..." His mother's face changes into one of confusion. His sister's is a scowl as if she's trying her hardest to understand something and his father smiles mysteriously down against the rim of his glass. "I don't know mom. What else could two pups need? Let's say both are 9 years old and have a charming father named George."

His mother and sister share the same expression, mouth open as their eyes try to take in what just happened. He smiled unsurely and waits for any reaction.

"What the hell are you talking about?" His sister asks and looks around the table. "What is he saying?"

His mother shrugs and looks back at him with the same question in her eyes. He sighed and cleans his throat before trying to explain it differently. This time he made sure to spill the truth quickly, he'd reveal the wound as quick as ripping of a band aid.

"Mom congratulations on becoming a grandmother 9 years ago, Drista you're officially an aunt."

"What?!" His sister shrieks and his mother stares in disbelief at his father as if the men held the answers for this situation. His sister points at him across the table as she continues.

"George!" She accuses loudly and lets out a stream of curses. "I can't believe this! Did you know?! Since when?!"

"Since yesterday." He answers solemnly and his mom gasps.

"This is true? This isn't some kind of prank. Oh please Clay my heart couldn't take that. Tell me this is true! Why did he hide them?"

"He didn't, it's complicated. The fight left him insecure and he didn't know how to tell me. He did

tell me after seeing me though, he didn't try to hide them or anything."

His mother nodded and pushed herself back in her seat.

"What are their names?"

"Lucas and Elsa, I don't have a picture yet sadly. I could write George and ask him for one?"

"Oh please dear! Do so!" His mom quickly said and cleaned her mouth corners with a napkin. He pushed himself up from the chair and quickly dipped into the floor where he grabbed his smartphone from his jacket's pockets.

Hey, I told my parents about them. I'm at their place rn.

He hadn't finished wording the next message when George's status changed to online and the three dots telling him the message was typing appeared.

Oh god, how did it go?

He smiled and shook his head; he could hear the worry over a simple text message.

Don't worry, they're just shocked. Mom wants a picture, could you send one?

Of course! Could you tell them that I'm sorry? I didn't want them to be left out. I just had no idea on what to do.

Oh and here it is: image.04

It's fine, don't worry. How are you today?

Good.

Actually, no. Can we call?

Clay sends the picture to his sisters' phone before he hits call.

It doesn't take a second for George to answer. His voice is rough, and he seems hoarse.

"Hey," The omega croaks out and Clay feels his stomach turn slightly.

"Hey, what's going on? You sound really bad."

A sniffle and a strong swallow followed by some rustling before George answered.

"I just feel so guilty, I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing, this isn't just your fault. Now tell me why you sound like you've been crying?"

"I...well," A sigh before George answers with a wavering voice. "I think it's a biology thing."

Yesterday when I put Elsa to bed, I went to bed myself immediately after. I had this weird feeling I couldn't shake off, I figured it was excitement but then I got all weird."

"What do you mean weird?"

"I actually thought I was entering my heat, which is crazy I haven't had my heat in 8 years! And before you say something, I know it's weird but I can't change it. I think it could have something to do with the kids or you."

"George, what is wrong right now, you're mumbling to yourself right now! Are you okay?"

"Oh yes, sorry. It's really weird, it isn't a heat it's like I don't know. It's just weird, I wasn't y'know but I was heating up. It wasn't a fever though. It disappeared pretty quickly after I took my heat suppressant meds. I didn't even know I had some left. But it wasn't a heat, it wasn't nice at all, it was just hot and I was just really sad."

Clay didn't know what to say. He wasn't really ready to talk about heats with George. He didn't know much about Omega biology anyways.

"Call your doctor then? I mean I can, if you want I mean if you're okay with it I could look after the kids while you're gone?"

A silence followed and his heart broke a little bit. He understood that George wouldn't trust him with the kids just yet but he deserved an answer at least.

"George?" He questioned with a much softer voice than before.

"Yeah, I'm still here sorry, I just... I wouldn't have thought you'd actually do that. I don't know I know this is so stupid but I just- "

A deep breath followed, and he could hear George audibly trying to calm himself. "Sorry, I don't know why I am so jittery. I feel so weird. I don't want to go but then again I can't watch the kids like this."

"It's fine! Don't worry. Should I come get them from school?"

"No they don't know you well enough to do that. I mean Elsa would probably go now but Lucas wouldn't go. How about I'll get them from school and drive them over? Your parents could meet them if that's not too much."

Clay chuckled: "Trust me I'm sure they'd love to meet them."

"Thank you, Clay. I know this is quick, but I think it's best if I let it get checked out."

"It's okay. Your health is important. Give me a quick text before you arrive?"

"Sure! See you then. Thanks again!"

A click and the line went dead. He put his phone into his back pocket to keep it close as he reentered the room.

"I have another surprise."

His family gathered around his sister's phone and looked all up at him. He smiled as he saw the picture that George had sent him on the screen, his father had previously been pointing at the framed picture of Clay that hung on the wall next to his sisters.

“What would that be? Is it George? Is he coming?” His mother questioned.

“No, he isn’t feeling well and asked if I could take the kids. I said yes.”

His father’s smile widened, and he saw the happy twinkle that was so rarely there. He could already see his father being a great grandfather. His sister was just as excited, she looked ready to burst.

“You can’t just drop this all on us! But I am not complaining if they come here! I can’t wait to meet my niece and nephew!”

His mother’s expression was the only one that surprised him, she looked shocked!

“Mom?” He asked carefully as she pushed herself up from her chair and hopped off into the kitchen

“Cookies Clay. We need something sweet really quick! I have to prepare something before meeting my grandkids!”

He smiled and shook his head, why had he been worried about this again?

Chapter End Notes

Hey!

This is going to be a bit serious:

I took a small break as some of you might have noticed. I needed some time away from writing because of a comment that really upset me. I don't wanna get into what it said but I just want you all to know that it is not okay to hate on fanfic writers and tell them to go **** themselves. In no way shape or form do you have any right to do that and I am shocked to find out how many writers are getting this treatment in the community.

I will continue this story so don't worry but please remember I'm a person too. I will not respond to anonymous hate and I will delete these comments. If you have actual critic than go for it. I don't mind criticism. But if an anon users give me hate than I'll just delete those comments. I don't have the mental strenght to deal with that crap so I won't.

Please leave some love on fellow writers stories in the community! Just let it be a small message it really doesn't matter how much it is!

And don't tell people hurtful shit.

Lots of Love,

Kassy

Train Ride to hell

Chapter Summary

....
...
..
uhm.
im back.
sorry for the long wait.
is this still relevant? idk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George pressed his pounding head closer against the stubby fabric of the train's seats. The fabric was certainly dirty and uncomfortable but everything was better than the hot and cold sweat running down all over him. Why was he sweating this much? It felt as if he had just finished running a marathon. He closed his eyes for a minute and thought about his condition. It was definitely not normal, the internet results resulted in heat results and more plausible cold symptoms but his gut feeling told him that this was not a cold. Something was off, he knew it couldn't be a heat but something inside of him reminded him that this happened immediately after Clay had shown up.

Whatever it was, it hurts like a bitch, he thought bitterly. The motion of the train speeding up and slowing down again didn't help his case much, so he opened his eyes again and concentrated on the screen that showed the next stop. He still had three more to go. He shuddered as he felt another cold sweat drop roll down his neck and remind him of the uncomfortable situation. He shuddered and huddled into the big wool scarf he was wearing, how could one be cold and hot at the same time?! Maybe he had caught some new type of cold, it had to be a fever. His scent wasn't enticing nor did it smell sweeter, it wasn't a heat like scent. It was an unusual combination of stress and injury. At least that's how he could describe it in his current state. Maybe his scent was right, maybe there had been too much stress in his life lately. First his friend and colleague Alexis with his relationship problems, then that creep at work and now Clay coming back to Bormin after so many years. Yeah maybe he just needed a break. But that wasn't really an option, he couldn't just push the kids to Clay for a week. The man had no idea what it took to care for a kid, sure he had a little sister but two children were a lot different. The idea made him ache inside, he didn't want to part with his pups at all not even for a single week. He sighed and pushed the thought of vacation away, a visitor to the doctor and he'd be just fine. He checked the screen again, two more stops to go, with a small sigh he leaned back against the seat and leaned his hot forehead against the cold glass of the train window. About 10 more minutes and he'd be there. He could only hope Lucas would be fine with the diversion in plans, maybe he should have woken him up and told him at the same time as Elsa. But was there even a good time to tell him this? He groaned and massaged his temples in a circular motion.

No, he couldn't just tell him out in the open. This would have to wait for another day. He'd just have to explain it later on. Maybe it would be better for Lucas to have first seen Clays side of the family, he could get adjusted this way. Clays side of the family.... The thought of meeting Mariah and Henrik after so many years made him wince. Even Drista felt like a wild card, what would they say about him? What would they think? His headache worsened and he leaned forward from the

pain as he bit down on his tongue to numb the pain. No, he couldn't worry about all of this now. His first priority was to get the children and drop them off at Clay's parents house.

"Bormin Central Station!" The loud voice of the speakers above him made him flinch, he straightened his back and pushed himself out of the seat as he hurried out of the train as quickly as his current condition let him. His whole body was sore and his hips cried out in pain as he stood up, the pain reminded him of the pregnancy belly he used to carry. The thought made him smile and he pushed forward with the image of seeing his little ones soon again. He tucked away his sweaty locks of hair and hid them under his beanie as best as he could. He ignored some judgemental stares that followed him, he knew he looked like an idiot walking around with winter clothes in 15° Celsius but he couldn't help being sick.

The way to the kids school wasn't far, only about ten minutes by foot if you walked in a slow and steady pace. However he still managed to arrive completely soaked in sweat and out of breath as he rounded the corner and entered through the gates. If he would have had the money to get a cab he would have done so but cabs were expensive and uber were sketchy especially as an omega. Maybe he should have asked Clay for a ride but then he would have felt guilty, Clay just got here and surely the man wanted to spend some time with his family. He sighed and leaned against the gate to catch his breath as he waited for the kids to come running out the door.

The school bell rang and the doors opened as Lucas was the first to run up to him with the biggest strides his little legs could do. He crouched down and opened his arms for Lucas.

"Papa" screamed the blond boy and rushed towards him, only to be pushed out of the way by his 1 minute older sister as she sprinted into George's waiting arms. She

"Hello, how was your day?" He croaked gently and pushed a hair streak behind Elsa's hair.

As he pushed a stray piece of Elsa's brown locks behind her pinkish tinted ear. He pressed both his palms over her ears and grumbled as he could feel the cold nipping at his skin.

"Where are your earmuffs! I told you to wear them!" Elsa looked up at him and opened her mouth to answer but a small hand shoved her gently out of his embrace.

Lucas pushed his way in between Elsa and him and hugged him tightly as he answered.

"She swapped them for a Kinder Egg and a piece of Mango that another kid brought!"

Elsa gasped and turned to her twin in a sharp and flurry motion that whipped all the brown locks directly into George's face. He sighed and pushed her locks from his mouth and shook his head, he had no time to argue. He took a deep breath and ignored the fight breaking out between the two.

"You're a tattletale!"

"Am not"

"You are!"

George sighed as he finished calming himself and separated the two before it could get serious.

"We'll talk about that later. I have a small surprise for you, today we'll have a small change of plans."

The two small pairs of eyebrows shot up at the same time and the eyes of both kids fixated on his face like a target.

"Remember my friend? The one from yesterday? You will spend the rest of the day with him. I have two grandparents ready to just spoil you there "

Elsa's mood switched immediately and she started jumping in excitement. Lucas was a bit more taken aback.

"Why?" He asked and stared up at George.

"Because Papa is sick, I can't leave you at home alone and I don't have anyone to babysit you. You can trust Clay, he's a good person."

Lucas' eyes wandered over him and he could see how the cogwheels started turning behind his eyes.

"Okay" The blond said and grabbed George's hand. "Then let's hurry up, you don't look good

Papa.”

George smiled and stroked through Lucas' hair, he could tell Lucas would rather stay with him but the little one didn't want to worsen the condition.

“Thanks” he mumbled and pushed himself upwards. He held out his other hand for Elsa. The walk to Clay's parents house wasn't too far. From the Central Station it was about 15 minutes but from here it would be a little more. Normally that would be nothing but he was already way too tired from the short walk from the station to the school. He sighed as he grabbed Elsa's hands, he'd just have to push through.

Turns out 20 minutes of walking was too much for his body. When they finally turned into the right street his legs started wobbling like crazy, he couldn't even tell at this point anymore if it was just nervousness of his body giving up after what felt like running a marathon. His head was pounding and his stomach felt ready to spew the contents of it. The kids had been chatty the whole time walking there and George was close to snapping, he knew Elsa was excited but her high pitched voice and bubbly personality made his headache worsen.

They stopped at the door and Elsa sprang forward to ring the doorbell but he quickly snatched her wrist and held her back.

“Okay, before we ring the doorbell. I just want to say that please be nice to them, we are guests. Don't forget your manners, I don't know how long I will be gone for but I'll try to come back soon.” Elsa and Lucas nodded in unison. George sighed and stepped forward as Elsa rang the doorbell. There was a nameplate on the doorbell “Schneider” was displayed in a cursive way. There was no way in hell Clay could write like that, the alpha had a chicken scratch of a handwriting as long as he could remember. He heard steps coming closer so he straightened his back and put on a smile to look at least somewhat presentable.

The door swung open and to his luck it was Clay that greeted them with a big grin.

“Wouldn't have thought to see you all so soon, come on in. My mom is just getting done with the baking, she made some cookies real quick hope you two like them.” Clay held open the door and George ushered the kids inside.

“Thanks Clay, I'm sorry that I'm just pushing this all on to you but I really had no other option. I-” Clay interrupted him with a hand on his shoulder and squeezed it lightly.

“Calm down, I told you I want to- ” Clay looked down at the kids as they took off their shoes and jackets before he looked back to George, “to help. This is nothing. Want to come in for a coffee or do you want to go right now?”

George contemplated his options: he wanted to meet Clay's parents but in his current condition he wasn't really ready to face them. Plus his headache was getting worse just standing here.

“I'll go now. I'll meet them after. I feel like I'll collapse any minute. This cold or whatever it is is killing me. My head feels like exploding.” Clay nodded.

“Okay just give me a second. I'll introduce them to my parents. I'll be quick.” Clay led the kids into the house and George leaned against the doorframe.

He had held out for so long he could wait just a tad bit longer. He wondered why Clay wanted him to wait, in his opinion he could leave without a goodbye too. He just wanted to quickly arrive at the doctor's office so that this hell of a day could be over.

Clay kept his promise and returned quickly with a jacket and keys.

“I'll drive you there and I don't want to hear any arguments. I've already made the decision. My parents know about the situation and would kill me for leaving you to ride the train right now.”

George had already closed his mouth, he had wanted to protest but he could see that that would be idiotic.

He nodded and smiled as Clay opened the door.

leave some comments or interaction if this is still being read haha

A doctor's office

Chapter Summary

I'm back! And I have two chapters ready after this one.

Aaaand I got a Beta Reader!

Check out @Sana_Auream here on ao3!

They helped me with this chapter :P

Thank you so much again!

4448 words just for you! Here we go!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay drove them with George's instructions to his common doctors' office. It was a long drive and George was glad the blond had offered to drive him there. One hour to just get to the doctor was a stupidly annoying long drive, in Britain the doctors were closer to the towns.

He sighed with content as Clay stopped the car and they slowly made their way up the stairs. As they entered the office a secretary greeted them with a friendly smile. She took his information and showed him the way to the waiting room. A nurse behind the secretary gave him a clipboard to fill out while he waited.

He leaned onto Clay as they shuffled towards the waiting room. His bones ached and he could swear it got worse every minute, however, Clay's look of concern kept him from voicing those thoughts. He already felt bad for taking up the man's free time. He gave Clay a reassuring smile and leaned over the clipboard. Most questions were just standard practice. Name, Age, Status, Children, and Medication. The harder questions were how he should describe his symptoms, he had no idea if he could describe them. He felt confused and hurt. His body felt stiff and foreign and a simple movement could have him crying in the next second. He tried his best to describe his illness but when he finished and looked up at the walk back to the reception he groaned. He didn't want to get up. He looked to the side and held out the clipboard to Clay.

"I'm sorry but could you bring it to the desk?" Clay didn't waste time and took the clipboard from him. It still felt surreal to have him close again. Clay's presence steadied him but it also seemed to aggravate his headaches and nausea. The stress of the whole new situation had to be the leading factor of his sickness.

He leaned back against a pale plastic chair and stared up at the grey ceiling, wondering how long it would take to meet the doctor. The quicker this was over the sooner he could see his two pups again. Clay came back and sat down next to him, and they sat there in silence while the clock on the sterile wall ticked by every second. The silence wasn't awkward, George had no power left to lead a friendly conversation. He groaned and leaned his sweaty head on Clay's shoulder. The alpha stiffened for a moment but relaxed and even leaned towards him for George's comfort.

The scent of Clay reminded him of the old days. The parties, the plans that they had and the nights

they had spent together were consuming his memories. His stomach cramped and he doubled over in pain. Clay jumped up and steadied him with a grip on his shoulder.

“George? George, what's happening?” He whined as he felt his stomach pain worsen. He took some deep breaths and evened out his breathing slowly to push away the pain.

“Stomach cramps, don't worry too much.” Clay didn't sit back down, the alpha continuing to hover around him with a hand on his shoulder. The situation hurt but Clay's presence made it nostalgic, the alpha had always been rather overprotective. He could only sneeze twice before Clay had come running with chicken soup and warm wool blankets. Sappnap has called Clay whipped at every instance he gets. He wondered what the Texian was doing nowadays. The last time he had seen him he was working at a zoo over in the next city.

The sound of heels clicking on the stone-tiled floor got closer to them and Clay's abrupt turn shook him from his thoughts. The nurse smiled at them before waving with her clipboard.

“Doctor Lester is ready to see you now.”

George nodded and pushed himself up with the help of Clay.

“Uh, Mr. Davidson, you wrote you had no mate. Am I assuming correctly that you'll be going in alone?”

“Yes. I just want Clay to help me get there. I'm rather dizzy, sorry.”

The friendly nurse guided him towards a room behind the reception area. Clay helping him get there and steadying him when he sat down. His head was still as dizzy as before and he was glad to have the alpha act in such a gentlemanly way.

Clay squeezed his shoulder before turning away to leave, he suppressed a whimper as the blond exited the room. He didn't want to be left alone but he had no choice but to wait for the doctor to arrive.

Not even five minutes passed, if he could trust the clock on the wall in front of him, but for him it felt like double of that. The man entered with a smile and gave him a friendly nod.

“Hello, Mr. Davidson. How are we feeling today?” The man had salt and pepper hair and no scent at all, as medical workers covered themselves in heavy neutralizers. The white coat added to the sterile environment.

“Not that good,” he stammered, holding his hand against his forehead while he continued. “I suddenly started getting this crazy headache and fever. I can't walk straight without help and I feel like I'm entering a cold or heat.”

“And the symptoms started when exactly?” The doctor sat down in the seat in front of him, his silver nameplate having ‘*Dr. Lester*’ written on it in cursive letters.

“It started this morning. The day before I didn't have any signs of sickness,” he explained and wiped his sweaty hand against his sweater.

“Hm, and you are sure this isn't your heat? Sometimes they can become irregular. A hormone change, new medication, or even a change in diet could cause this.” Dr. Lester opened his palm and took his wrist as he checked George's pulse.

“No, it feels more like a bad cold. I'm sweaty and hot but the next second I become cold and start

shivering. I keep getting heat like cramps but I know this isn't my cycle. I have never had a real cycle since I had the kids."

The doctor nodded and turned towards the pc on the table between them. His fingers quickly ran over the keyboard and George assumed he was noting down his symptoms.

"Yes, I saw that in your file. It's uncommon, but it can happen. It could however still be connected to this. What about stress? Did something change?"

"Yes, my uh..." George stumbled to find the right words. He was a private person and he didn't feel comfortable telling some doctor about his love life. "My ex came back."

The doctor didn't react and he was glad the man was older and had a lot of experience with keeping sessions professional. "Ah, I see." He hummed and stopped typing. "Are you on good terms?"

"Yes? I believe so, we aren't fighting." George explained and twirled his thumbs in his lap.

"Is he the father of the children you wrote down here?" The doctor held up the clipboard he had filled out earlier and George nodded.

"Yes."

The doctor studied him for a moment and leaned back in his chair. "Did you have any contact with him before? Or is the contact new?"

"We met just yesterday, on the train. We talked for a while about the kids and other stuff before he had to leave."

The doctor nodded and leaned forward a bit as he continued. "Excuse me, Mr. Davidson, but I'll have to ask a rather private question. You had no contact with the children's father for years, but you also never found a new partner. Is there a relation?"

"I thought about finding a new partner, but I can't stop thinking about how unfair that would be for my two children." George stopped twiddling his thumbs and straightened a bit, he didn't like talking about this but he was sure a doctor wouldn't want to know about his private life without a reason.

"Do you still pick up on unmated scents?" Dr. Lester continued with a straight face and professional tone. As if he hadn't asked a weird question.

George looked the man in the eyes and stammered a short: "What?"

"When you entered our office, you didn't smell an alpha or anything?"

"No! Are there even alphas working here?" He exclaimed and tried to remember, the secretary had surely been an omega. No alpha would sit down and work as a secretary, most felt entitled to higher-paying positions.

"Yes, we have one. Our lovely nurse Kelly. You should have sensed the difference immediately. I think we might be onto something here."

Georges's head swirled at the thought that the woman had been an alpha. How hadn't he noticed? He thought about the way Clay had treated her, the alpha hadn't shown any signs either. Wouldn't Clay have changed his behaviour?

The doctor gave him a second before continuing his questioning. "Did you have any desire yourself to find a new partner? Ask yourself this honestly please."

"No..." he swallowed and looked down at his feet in embarrassment. "The very idea feels wrong and I just couldn't. I avoid new relationships, in all honesty." He had tried going out once, Alexis had taken the children for the evening and George had made his way to a bar. He had turned around and sprinted back home the moment he arrived, not even stepping inside. Everything in him had screamed for him to get away from that place.

"Hm. I'm sorry to ask something private again, but your former partner never claimed you, right? Were you two planning that before the breakup? I need to know if you were close enough to have formed something called a pseudo claim."

George's eyebrows rose and he wondered what a pseudo claim was. They hadn't gone as far as laying a claim on the other. It was on their minds for sure, however, moving in together and starting a family had been the goal. "We were very close. We were planning on moving in together and everything. I believe if a pseudo claim is something possible we definitely could have formed that."

Dr. Lester nodded and typed something on his computer again before gesturing towards the door and asking: "The man outside, is he the alpha we are speaking about?"

"Yes." George nodded.

"Do you know what his relationship status has been ever since your breakup?"

"No, not exactly. He was in the army for years though so I don't think-" George stammered, his heartbeat quickening and the room spinning. Clay hadn't had any relationships...right?

"There are betas and even some omegas in the army. Are you sure there was no other relationship? It's rather common and even supported to have relationships there, a mate or lover will give an alpha a bigger reason to fight." The doctor continued and George felt something inside of him throb. The thought made him somewhat angry but the strongest emotion he felt at the moment was fear.

George felt the nausea return stronger, in his mind seeing Clay hooking up with some faceless omega as he stayed back at his dorm room with the stupid pregnancy test in his hands. Why shouldn't the alpha have started a new relationship? George had never even considered that chance. He felt tears roll down his cheeks as the thought solidified in his mind.

"Oh dear, I believe I was right." A hand on his shoulder guided him back to reality. The doctor had stood up and walked around the desk, smiling and patted his shoulder before he returned back to his original seating. "That's a horrible thought for you, should we get in your, well, friend and ask? I'm sure he can calm you down a bit."

But before the doctor could continue or wait for a response a knock was heard and shortly after the door sprang open, revealing Clay standing next to the nurse. He hurried towards George and knelt in front of the omega while wrapping his arms around him.

"Oh honey, what's wrong? Why are you crying? I could smell your panic from outside."

George pushed Clay slightly away from him and sniffled as he began to explain. But the look of worry and care made him break and he began sobbing into Clay's shirt. He leaned into Clay's embrace and hid his face in the blond's neck. The scent of sandalwood washed over him and he

took in a deep breath to relax. He felt Clay's hairs stand up from his motion but he didn't care, he felt safer this way. Safer when Clay was near and not with some other omega.

"I believe this is all too stressful for him at the moment. Kelly dear, please close the door and we will continue the session with Mr-"

"Clay Schneider." The alpha interrupted and George smiled as he felt the vibrations of Clay's voice against his forehead.

"With Mr.Schneider." The doctor finished.

Kelly nodded and exited the door with an apologetic smile towards George. George didn't smile back and hid his face deeper in Clay's embrace, before taking another deep breath and finally looking at the doctor again. His heart was still thumping like crazy.

"Mr. Schneider, I am sorry to be asking such a personal question, but your relationship with George is quite strong, am I right? Since the breakup did you have any other relationships?" Clay's facial feature changed from confused to shocked.

"No. God no, I wouldn't have dared to even consider it. George was my everything, after the breakup I went as far as to still call him mine in some strange way. I wasn't even ready to accept the breakup, in all honesty, and I was a complete jerk to act as if I had any right." George's ears perked up, he didn't know about that. He looked at Clay from the lower peripheral field of view. The alphas stance was serious.

"You didn't have any communication with each other after the break up?"

"No, I went straight to the army. I didn't receive any calls, because well..." Clays grip became a bit tighter around his knee and he saw warmth rush up the alphas neck.

"I was overreacting so a friend took my phone. I never heard from George."

"Did you try and call him?"

"Yes," George mumbled into Clays shirt and dried his eyes slightly. He sat back up straight and left Clay's arms. "For a while, I called and texted but my messages didn't go through. I got angry at first but then I guess I was just sad. I stopped calling and then a month later I found out I was pregnant. I had no time to contact him again, after that I was just too scared."

Clay swallowed in front of him and kept a hand on his thigh as if to offer silent support and comfort.

"From what I have heard I can confidently say it's a pseudo claim. You two were confident enough in your relationship that your brain released a hormone that started telling you that you had found your mate, and by being with each other every day you both just started assuming that you were as good as mated. Maybe you even acted upon it subconsciously. And, as after the break-up your Alpha just left, I believe you might have assumed something else had happened because, for your brain, a breakup wasn't possible. Once mated you stay that way forever, I believe your body was under stress but had no way of being calm, so when it got to the pregnancy it was overloaded with worry already. The alpha not being there for the birth must have been the final straw. I believe that your omegan biology subconsciously assumed that your Alpha was dead. This cold that you are having is a shock reaction, there are cases of this happening with a lot of army soldiers and their mates. The difference here is just that you were never mated to begin with. This might also be the reason why you have been skipping heats, your body doesn't see a need since, for your omega

subconsciousness, your mate is dead. We could cure this with therapy sessions or slowly get your omega reintroduced to the idea of your alpha being alive. No matter what you pick I have to warn you that there will be consequences for Mr. Schneider as well.”

The doctor turned to Clay and let his gaze sweep over the alpha.

“I believe you have been on scent neutralizers for a while. Your scent is still rather weak, your alpha nature is slowly warming up. In a few weeks, you might feel the same as Mr. Davidson is experiencing now. I have to warn you that alphas react harshly to a dead mate. I actually would recommend you to let me describe some light calming medicine.”

“We can do the same with you, Mr. Davidson, however, we would need to up the dosage, and I wouldn’t recommend it. If we up the dosage you won’t be able to do much besides sleep all day. It won’t help you with coming to terms that your mate is alive. I recommend spending more time together. If your situation was different I would recommend reaffirming the claim. That would be the easiest way, but I believe your situation might not be fit for that? Try to act more as you did before, and the symptoms will go away. A pseudo claim can be rather annoying and it’ll get worse the less it is treated. If you wouldn’t have come today you might have been unconscious by tomorrow from the sheer pain.”

The doctor typed in something on the pc.

George turned to Clay and studied the alphas facial expression. The alpha had turned towards the doctor as the conversation went on, looking serious and seeming to be deep in thought. George understood him, the whole thing sounded crazy to him, he had problems wrapping his head around everything. Even worse he felt as if he was sabotaging Clay, the alpha had just come back to him and he already needed something from him. What if he drove Clay away? His stupid biology was basically forcing the blond to spend time with him. This wasn’t what he wanted. He would end up driving Clay away and then be left alone all over again.

His stomach cramped again and he had to close his mouth as he felt vomit coming up. Luckily the doctor reacted quicker than him and a small trash can was held up.

“George?” Clays soft voice called out to him as he threw up the contents of his stomach. This was embarrassing, but he knew Clay had seen him in worse situations.

“Mr Davidson this is only a start of what is about to come. You have to stop overthinking or it’ll only get worse. If you can I would recommend to depend on someone for some weeks. Let your nature express itself with your mate. Depend on him and let him shoulder some of the worries.”

George nodded but he was only listening halfway as he felt another wave of panic hit him and he started heaving again.

“George I know this might be too fast but please let me help. I will do anything. I can help with the kids or maybe we can let them stay with their grandparents for a week or so. We can figure this all out but for the love of God, I want you to let me help.”

Clay pulled out some tissues from his pockets and George wiped his mouth.

“Yeah. That sounds good. I want to go home now.”

“Of course,” the doctor interrupted and opened the door for them. “Put down the bucket and tell Kelly to give you a water bottle so you can rinse your mouth. I’ll send her the receipt for your prescription Mr. Schneider. If it doesn’t get better after a week, come see me again.”

George leaned onto Clay as they walked out of the office. The walk from the doctors office to the car was a haze. Somewhere along the way Clay had given him the prescription receipt and picked him up as they trotted down the stairs together.

His headache hadn't ended, if anything it was getting worse again. He felt nauseous but there was nothing in his stomach so his body confided to dry heaving.

Clay opened the door of his father's SUV without letting George go. He was placed into the car with a gentle hand, Clay even made sure to shut the door as silently as possible.

As Clay entered the car George made sure to sit up straight.

"I'm sorry for pushing this all on you, Clay. I didn't know we had-"

"Shh." Clay shushed him and George turned to him a little too quickly, making his nausea worse. "If anything I'm in the wrong. I basically stormed into your life. I bulldozed over your established family and mingled my way in. The stress that alone caused is bad. I should have been more careful."

Clay gripped the steering wheel with a deadly grip, and his eyes stared holes into the road in front of them.

"The one fucking thing I thought I had done all these times. I had no idea that pseudo claim shit happened. But looking back I can see it. Why didn't I notice the hints? When we became stable and started planning for later I stopped even seeing the tiniest hint of attractiveness in other omegas. For fucks sake I didn't even watch porn! I had your heat cycle on my phone and god it's so obvious!"

George sighed and leaned his head against Clays shoulder.

"I'm not some defenseless creature. I can very much care for myself. Well, not right now, but I promise you back then I should have noticed the changes too. My heat and your rut syncing up should have given me some worries."

Clay sighed and his grip relaxed, placing a quick peck on Georges head before he resumed driving.

"I have been thinking, what are we going to do now? We can't just have a few meet ups and call it quits. I'm not leaving you till you get better. I don't think you'd be okay without the kids, you haven't really been without them at all, right? I think it might be a good option to give you some time off but I personally don't think you'd be at peace without knowing if the-" Clay stopped mid-sentence and cleared his throat before he continued, "if our kids are alright. But your apartment is too small for 4 people to run around in. I know this is quick, but it's just an option for you to decide. We can give the kids to my parents for a week or so, or we could try to move in for a while at my place? I haven't unpacked yet so I might need to have some errand trips before we could do that. What's your thought on this?"

George swallowed and thought about the options. Clay was indeed right, he didn't want to part with his pups. Kindergarten was hard enough already, to not see them at all for a week was torture. Moving in with Clay would be a big jump forward, but wouldn't it make him dependant on the alpha? He knew he could trust Clay, he knew it. The thought of getting kicked out like his friend Alexis, however, was making him worry. Hadn't Alexis trusted his husband with his life too? But Clay and Schlatt weren't anything alike. He calmed his thoughts and focused back on the situation at hand, this whole thing felt made up. But he knew his doctor wouldn't lie to him.

“Okay, let’s move in together for a while, but I’ll keep my flat. I can help you get sorted out with everything, till we are done childproofing the whole place we will ask your parents to take care of them. If they can’t then I can ask my friend Alexis to stay with them in my flat.”

“Sure. That sounds good, but I am against you moving around, you don’t seem like you could even stand for longer than 5 minutes.”

“It’s fine, the doctor said I need to get accustomed to you being back. If you want we can get the kids stuff right now. If you take a left next turn we can go shop at Target.”

Clay took the left turn without a sound of disapproval.

“I don’t have anything besides the basics of the basics, I don’t even have much food at home. I just hope you can hold out til we get there. Can I do anything to help you?”

George felt his face heat up as he thought about the doctor's words. They could mate and this would be over in seconds. He was glad his distressed scent was so strong, otherwise Clay would have sensed his change in mood.

“Oh wait, maybe scenting could help. Isn’t it basically like laying a claim?” George mused and turned his head to look up at Clay.

Clay took his eyes off the road for a split second and smiled at him sheepishly before turning forward again. “God this reminds me so much of the college days.”

They pulled into the Target parking lot and Clay wasted no time. He turned off the car and pulled him halfway over the gear lever. George’s knees wobbled as he tried to stay steady but Clay pulled him closer and steadied him. The blond buried himself in his sweaty neck and George wanted to feel embarrassed but he couldn’t. Something inside of him shifted and he felt tears roll down his cheeks as Clay scented him, he felt happy but also so confused. He wanted more, more of that sandalwood scent mixed with strong coffee grounds. This was so familiar and nostalgic, he could feel himself relax at Clays touch. He let his hand pat for the seat belt lock and finally pushed it down to unlock himself. He scrambled to quickly crawl into Clay’s lap and huffed as the motion alone had exhausted him a ton. He snuggled closer and felt Clay’s scent wash over him. He tried to calm his distressed scent as much as he could, he didn’t want the people inside of the store to smell that all over Clay. The implications of that would only bring them both trouble.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and some kudos! Btw I really had a good laugh at some of these bookmarks... haha ;)

I can see them guys, even the tags :o

The next chapter will contain a lot of fluff. We're really all about that fluff here...for now. Don't forget the tags guys...I hint at it pretty often.

The calm before the storm. :)

feel free to leave soem theories in the comments.... i love reading about those

Shopping Trip

Chapter Summary

Here is the next chapter! Hope you enjoy it <3
5000+ words just for you :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took him about ten minutes to fully calm down. During that time Clay had scented him and started whispering like he used to do when George was feeling down because of a preheat. Little praises and small confessions were whispered against his ear as Clay's body warmed up to comfort him. A calming scent penetrated the car. His own scent was almost gone, traces of him could only be found close to the two, the scent of distress washed away by sandalwood and coffee. George had buried himself deep in their little bubble by staying hidden against Clay's chest, and the alpha had started purring in a low tune at some point of their little cuddle session.

He tried to synchronize with Clay's purrs but his own voice didn't let him sound as deep. His own purrs were unsteady from his former breakdown, resulting in a voice crack that made the alpha laugh.

"Oh shut up," George mumbled and hid his face deeper into Clay's neck. "My throat's just hoarse from all the crying."

Clay's hands moved up and he preened as the blond combed his fingers slowly through his hair. Clay hummed and gave him a soft kiss on his head.

"Let's get going. Home is waiting." George sighed and pushed himself up a little bit. He leaned over Clay's lap and opened the driver's door as he slipped with grace over the blond's lap and helped himself out of the car.

"Let's go then!" He exclaimed and Clay jumped out after him. The blond closed the car and together they made their way to the trolleys.

They made their way through the different aisles bit by bit. George had taken the trolley to have something to put his body weight onto. The scenting had helped, his head was clearer but his body felt very tired. It was more of a safety line for him.

"Do you have shampoo? Cleaning supplies? Oh, we need beds for them also. God, that's a lot already! Well we can get clothes and toys from my place, it would be stupid to get everything new-"

"George, if this is about money you can calm down. I have literally not spent a penny on anything in the last few years. Well, from time to time we got out to buy food or snacks but we weren't allowed to bring much back to base. I have savings, and half of these are yours anyways. I have 9 years of unpaid child support on me, that's basically your money. So calm down, we aren't

spending unnecessary money.”

George debated the thought, Clay was right. He had been worried about spending the blond's money. It felt weird deciding about someone else's finances. But on the other hand, Clay was right, those were his kids as well and the alpha would have to pay for these things at some point anyway.

He nodded and continued the conversation. “Do you have a spare room for them?”

Clay nodded. “Yeah, I was going to have an office but that's unnecessary. It's big enough to fit in two beds and a desk, it should be sufficient. Oh wait, I have pictures on my phone. My sister took them, I actually just saw the house yesterday for the first time as well.”

Clay fumbled with his phone and George smiled as he saw it was his old phone. The same homescreen with the same pin code as goddamn 9 years ago.

“You have 99+ messages on literally every goddamn app!” He exclaimed and pointed at the small red bubbles.

Clay chuckled and nodded.

“I didn't have access to my phone while at the base. My friend took it away because, well, I was a bit emotional.” The alpha mumbled the next part but George had heard it loud and clear. He bumped his hips against Clay's and leaned his head onto the others shoulder

“That's in the past. Forgive and Forget, we are starting on even grounds again.”

The blond hummed in agreement and swung an arm around George as they checked out the pictures.

The house was nice, very nice even. George could see that money wasn't a problem for the other. The architecture was very modern, almost artificial. The house was nice but the inside felt cold and uninviting. The rooms looked sad, almost nothing was there that could show the house was being used and not just a decoration of sorts. They had a lot of decorating to do.

“I have a feeling that it still looks the same. I mean what furniture do you even have right now.”

“Just what's there. We need to get a full package, and while we're at it buy basic stuff. Food! I need food, I have like nothing besides some cereal, milk and coffee.”

George laughed and snorted “Typical”.

“What?”

“You never thought about that kind of stuff, when we were planning on moving together Nick warned me to settle with becoming a housewife.”

“He did what?!” Clay exclaimed and whipped his head around. George giggled and continued.

“Said you hadn't even known how to do laundry before moving in with him. A complete mummy's boy in some ways. In college your cooking skills went as far as eggs and bacon and an occasional pancake. Did they improve over the years?”

“Well, I can cook potatoes and spaghetti now as well.” Clay tried to defend himself.

George shrugged with a smile dancing on his lips. He believed the other but he knew that Clay

wouldn't be able to put a good meal on the table like him. When they started to make plans together back in college George basically knew he'd become a housewife at some point. But even back then he'd been fine with it. Sure he hadn't wanted to give up his career but nowadays he would give a lot just to spend more time at home.

If their relationship would get back to what it used to be he'd bring it up with the blond, that way he could spend more time with the pups.

"Okay. Let us try to make a mental shopping list. Let's start with basics. That's better. Do you have plates and cutlery?" He questioned as he let his eyes wander over the aisles.

"Yes, Drista got the basics of the basics. The kitchen has plates and pots and everything but we are missing food and spices. The bathroom has a few towels but we could definitely get more. Oh yeah Soap and Shampoo are a must have. Maybe some

"Oh what about Trash Bags, Cleaning supplies, a Vacuum, toilet paper, microfiber cloths, Laundry detergent and Fabric softener. The last is clothing for the kids but not too much since we can just use what we already have. A set however would be good so that if they stay over at other times we don't have to pack that much"

Clay nodded at his words and started putting on the items that George had mentioned. Soap and Laundry Detergent were the first they drove by and were quickly thrown into the car.

"Clay shouldn't you maybe call your mother and let her know we're coming back? She can prepare the kids too and maybe ask them already if they can stay with them for a few days."

"Oh yes! Sorry I totally forgot." Clay took his arm from around his waist and pulled his phone from his back pocket and dialed his mum.

George continued to shop with Clay following him closely behind. He could hear the conversation halfway as he put in the needed items into their cart.

"Yes mom, he's doing okay. It's not a cold or a heat, it's a phantom claim." Clay hummed a bit as the blonds mother presumably talked.

"Yeah, I hadn't heard of it before. It's a claiming bite that only exists in your mind." Another hum before the other continued. "Yeah and that's not even all, I have it too."

George rounded the corner and put in the trash bags and the rest of the cleaning supplies. He decided to get some gloves too, you never knew when you could need some. Kids could puke in the most awkward places.

"Yes exactly! He's going through a loss! How did you now?" Clay exclaimed and George turned around, Clay shrugged at him and continued to listen. "That's a common thing for elderly people?! Oooh. Yes, of course, you volunteered in the nursing home for a short while."

George laughed quietly, at the ripe age of 29 they were already dealing with problems that mostly elderly people should face. If the situation wasn't serious it would almost feel domestic.

"Yes, scenting seems to help. We did that and he definitely seems better than before." Clay hummed again but his next words made the brunette turn in confusion. "Mom!" He sputtered and George saw the blond's face meeting his own, as soon as their eyes met a deep red flushed over Clay. Clay quickly averted his gaze which made George in turn quirk up an eyebrow at the alphas antics.

“Mom! No! Omg, you can’t just say that! I- No! Well that’s fine I guess but not that! Yeah god, yes that’s more possible. Yes, definitely, we can try a routine.” George raised his eyebrow again but Clay made a shooing motion and refused to meet his eyes.

What had Clay’s mum said that made him this embarrassed? He gave Clay one last questioning look before he returned to pushing the trolley.

Toiletpaper, the shampoo and more cleaning articles made its way into the trolley. He debated over the fragrances of the kids' shampoo for a short while. But in the end he decided on a raspberry and blueberry one which promised to be both for sensitive skin. He was always a bit doubtful about these claims, America wasn’t very well known for having safe ingredients like Europe.

Since Clay was talking he made it his own choice to select a nice smell. Lately he decided on a pine rosemary combo that smelled relaxing to him. While he was at it he threw in some shaving cream. He doubted Clay would remember to buy that stuff. Something inside him rumbled and stirred as he thought about their current situation. In some way they had reverted back, it was just George and Clay going on a quick shopping trip to stock up each of their dorms. They’d finish this trip to the store and then go back to college grounds where they would meet with Clay’s roommate and their mutual best friend, Nick. George wanted to go back to those days. He wanted to go back to the time where he was Clay’s omega and future mate, the time where he only had to worry about finishing college and deciding what their next meal would be.

As he roamed the toothpaste aisle he searched for the American Dental Association’s Seal of Acceptance for the kids. He always bought those to make sure some safety check was at least made. It was hard to make a decision between Hello Kids that came in multiple flavours or a trusted choice such as Colgate. But Colgate tended to be a bit ‘spicy’ as Elsa had put it and he wasn’t sure if they would like it. He sighed and selected Hello Kids in Strawberry flavour, brushing at all was more important and he was happier if they would do it without him having to remind him. Maybe a flavour could help.

A band aid kit made its way into the trolley as they drove by some aisles. Clay continued talking with his mother on the phone and George could hear him describing their current situation.

“You’d take them? Perfect mom! Oh dad wants to talk with me? Yeah sure!” Clay laughed a short second. “Yes! Haha! You want to do that? I guess yeah, we need it as soon as possible. Oh George? Yes he’s here, wait let me grab him.”

Clay stopped him and smiled as he put the phone call on speaker.

“He can hear you now.” Clay answered and held out the phone in between them.

“Hey George!” A voice greeted, a voice which he had heard the last time I’m sure this whole mess is a lot for you right now but I want to hear your opinion on this since I have reason to believe you can make a better judgement than my airheaded son.” Clay opened his mouth to complain but George’s foot kicked out and he quickly silenced the alpha.

“Yes, what can I help with?”

“Well Clay needs a new car and I have already done my research for him. We have some to choose from but I want to know which one you are familiar with. The choices have gotten less already since the kids need to have additional seats but that’s no problem. We will go by company and you just tell me which one’s you’ve driven before.”

George looked at Clay with wide eyes, why was this his decision! He opened his mouth to say something but Clay’s hand on his shoulder made him stop, the alpha gave him an encouraging nod

and laid his hand on George's shoulder, giving him a squeeze that spread warmth through his body. He focused on Clay's father again.

"Yes sir."

"Oh no no, that won't do. I'm Paul, and basically your father. Okay, stop me at any brand you have driven. Volvo,-"

"Yes."

"Honda, BMW, VW,"

"Yes."

"Fiat, and lastly a Chevrolet Truck."

"Nope none of those, I have been in a Chevrolet Truck before though, Clay had one in college. Typical Florida man car!"

Paul laughed over the phone. Before answering with a smile in his undertone.

"I guess so! Okay the Volvo has a lot more space than the VW. Both are SUVs. Clay, which one do you prefer? Vw might be more to your liking but honestly Vovlo used to be awarded with the name safest car in my time. The price is also really good, getting tires replaced would be the only issue but I am sure we can figure this out.

Clay seemed to debate his options, his hand brushed through his sand blond strands and he twirled and played with a tuft in his hair. George wanted to run his hands through the golden locks but he kept his hands at his side as Clay huffed and answered. "Volvo, if it's safer than it's better. I don't care about the color by the way. Is it a used or new one?"

"New one!?" George echoed. Was Clay sure about this? A new car would cost a fortune!"

"I have saved for this, don't worry!"

"He's earning more than we two would do together!" A disembodied voice echoed from the speakers of Clay's phone. Was that Drista? Her voice had changed over the years, the shrill tone had evened out into a softer and laid back tone.

"Hush, kid." Paul's voice huffed and a feminine laugh was heard before Paul turned himself back to the phone and continued. "The Volvo is new, but there are two options for the VW used or new. But the Volvo has built-in booster seats. Yes or No?"

"Volvo it is! I will send you my card details in a sec. I'll leave it to you. Thank you so much dad. "

"No problem kid. You need it, I'm just happy to help. I'll check if I can put your name down. If not, I'll go and withdraw the money first. That might be easier, that way I can "gift it" to you and we won't have to do a legal transfer."

"Yes, that sounds good. Thanks dad, you're a real hero. Bye."

"Bye Paul!" George called as Clay cut the line. The blonde turned off his phone and put it back in his pocket. They made eye contact and George found himself questioning Clay's sense of judgement.

"You are buying the car right now?" George asked almost as soon as the call had ended.

“Yes, I can’t just use my parents car. And we can’t drive home with the subway. Look at you right now, it’s better if we get the car sooner. Dad had already made a scrapbook to help me decide, but I guess in the end it became more of a shotgun approach. But the book really helped, imagine if dad hadn’t done that. We’d have to take the car to drive fourth and back till we got everything to the other place.”

“I guess you're right.” He pushed the trolley further till they arrived at the clothing section. He let his eyes roam over the racks and grunted happily to himself as he found the kids section. He let go of his tight grip on the trolley and turned to Clay, he put his hand on his hips and leaned slightly forwards. Clay followed his posture and his body seemed to lean closer towards George intuitively.

“Now you need to pay attention. Elsa and Lucas are both size 9 but sizing is always a bit off, Elsa is a bit taller and fits therefore often into 10 and or 11 year old clothing. Meaning she is a size 6 or 7 in the kids section but can fit into 7, 8 and sometimes 9 in the women's section. Lucas is different; he fits into 5 to 6. He doesn't fit into men's sizes yet. Got that?”

Clay nodded with a serious expression and repeated the sizes.

“Uh, 6-7 for Elsa. 5-6 for for Luca. Elsa can shop in the smallest sizes for women as well. Yes. “

“Next for shoes: Elsa and Lucas are both 34s. Good luck figuring out the US equivalent. No idea about those, I check for european sizes. It's around 3 I believe, not sure though. Now the test, find me a pajama set for both. Meanwhile I'll get some other stuff for them.”

Clay nodded and George could see the cog wheels turning in the blond’s head. The man was trying his best to retain the information. His mind purred at the thought of Clay running around shopping for their kids clothes while George's scent lasted on him. Clay was a catch, alone from the statue he was bound to attract attention. The blond had always packed some muscle, he hadn’t gotten the quarterback position for free in highschool and college. The army had just helped him build that muscle even more. Clay turned from him and slowly squeezed his way through the racks, the omega in him suppressed a purr just barely. He wasn’t ogling Clay’s toned forearms like a teenager would, no, he totally wasn’t.

Clay went through the racks and started checking slowly but steadily for sizes. George smiled at the domestic image and turned towards the socks section close by. He picked out some fun socks and put some underwear and tops for the kids into the trolley. He also saw a nice looking fuzzy sock pair and threw that in, better safe than sorry in case Clay still had no proper heating or entered his home with shoes. God if he did George would kill him, dragging the dirt and gross stuff through the whole flat was a nightmare in his mind. Imagine their kids crawling all over that floor.

He shuddered and cooed as he saw a big wooly sweater. Elsa from Frozen with Anna in hand was portrayed on the fuzzy thing, he was sure Elsa would love it. He put it in the trolley after finding the right size and checked for a second sweater, if Elsa got one so did Lucas. He’d have to find one with a different image, maybe Minecraft or Shrek. And to his luck he found a star wars sweater a few racks over, he checked if the knit was just as warm and thick as the one for Elsa and put it in. A warm sweater was a must have in case heating wasn’t warm enough, sometimes morning could be a little cold too.

He heard footsteps closing in with a hasty pace and as he turned he saw Clay snaking his way through different shoppers to get to him, he had to laugh at the image of the two pyjamas being held over his head and out of reach for everyone as he got closer to George. George found himself totally not ogling the handsome blond alpha as he stretched himself to make sure the pyjamas were safe. The black shirt rode up his stomach just a tiny bit, but enough to make some other shoppers

turn. The clothing section was filled with omegas shopping for their kids and George didn't even want to know how many were single. He took a step closer to Clay's direction and made sure to show that Clay was walking towards *him*.

"Here!" The alpha exclaimed and proudly showed him the two sets. George took them and turned them over. The designs were different from what he would have picked but he could see that Clay had spent some time thinking about it, a warm sensation traveled up his chest and pooled around his heart. Elsa had gotten a sailor moon pajama in a deep blue with sailor moon ready in a fighting stance. The pants were adorned with little moons. He checked the sizing and nodded with approval as he saw Clay had picked it in a size bigger to make sure it would fit. Pajamas should always be worn in a bigger size, to make sure the kid had room to play in. Lucas had gotten a bright lime green shrek pajama with black where the printed characters were. Clay must have seen the bedsheets. The sizing was right as well. He held the two pieces closer and turned his head upwards to see Clay with a goofy grin looking down at him waiting for his judgment.

"Good job! Especially on Shrek, what made Sailor Moon win the battle though?" Clay's goofy grin spread onto his own lips. Clay noticed his change in scent and he swore if Clay were a dog his tail would be wagging.

"Oh my sister loved it as a kid, I just guessed Elsa might like it too. And if not she looks almost the same as her, it's nice to identify with characters in that age I believe. Should I switch it?"

He shook his head and held up the pajamas. "No, she watched a few episodes, but I heard from Nancy at daycare that some episodes are a bit too scary for kids. I stopped her from watching more. She seemed to like it though, she'll like it a thousand times more when she finds out Daddy picked it though."

Oops, that had slipped out, was it too early to say that? He lowered the pjs in his hands and turned his head upwards to find out Clay's reaction. He was met with the same goofy grin as before but with a more flustered expression. Colour was slowly spreading from Clay's neck up onto his cheeks, the red tint told him everything he needed to know. It might have been unexpected but the alpha didn't seem to mind that much. They shared a moment as the weight of these words settled between them. George wasn't just proclaiming Clay as their kids father he was actively including him in the whole family circle. He was showing Clay that in his mind he was already in that circle. The omega inside him longed for Clay to return, his own biology had betrayed his cool facade from yesterday and straight up told Clay how much he wanted the alpha to be his again. He felt a heat pool in his stomach at the thought. His alpha was back, father of their two children, the man who he loved so much they had formed an actual bond without a physical connection. Clay's eyes were still on him, iridescent jelly-fish blue eyes that reminded him so much of their youngest pup. Had Clay gotten closer? The alpha was leaning closer to him and George was pushing himself up just the tiniest bit to lean closer. He was close enough to count the freckles on Clays cheeks, close enough to see his slightly darker blond lashes and just close enough to kiss his-

"Oh!" George exclaimed and planted his soles back onto the ground. "Oh my god we still have to tell Lucas! I don't think we can give it more time. When we get home we're telling him. If we're moving in together without that context he'd start thinking that's normal." And just like that he had broken the moment. Clay still looked flustered but the alpha remained cool and nodded along with his words.

"I just hope he won't get angry. I'm someone that's just bursting into their lives without much context."

"The context will be there this evening, we'll have to bribe Elsa to not tell him though. She'll have

to pretend to be surprised I don't want Lucas getting angry about that."

"Aren't we lying to him then?" Clay asked as he followed George when the brunette began pushing the trolley again.

George raised an eyebrow at Clay and shrugged. "Believe me, lies are somewhat important in raising kids. The Tooth Fairy, Santa and lies like these are completely fine. We just have to make sure it won't become a routine."

Clay nodded and they finally entered the food section, their trolley was slowly filling up.

"Well what did you have in mind for food?" George asked and turned to the blond. He was met with an open mouth that closed and opened a few times as Clay stared at the aisles with a tiny bit of panic glinting through those blue eyes. His gaze fixated on something and the blond started reciting something that sounded oddly familiar.

"Uhh, ah! Eggs, Flour, Milk..." George huffed and finally caught the item that had grabbed Clay's gaze. A pancake mix. He had to swallow a laugh.

"That's a pancake recipe isn't it."

"Well- It might be." Clay muttered and turned away from him. George giggled and leaned his head against Clay's shoulder. He tried his best not to imagine how it would feel to wake up on them everyday. The sturdiness of the blond's body felt like a warm blanket that wrapped around him but it also left a tint of heat in his stomach. A familiar feeling of eagerness which was slowly trying to grow. He felt heat plaster on his cheeks again and hid his face with a laugh in Clay's bicep.

"God, please never change you tall himbo."

Clay whipped around at the nickname, he could feel the piercing stare in the back of his head. George slowly looked up and stifled a laugh as he saw Clay's startled expression.

"I'm a himbo? I'll have you know I work at Inscie Corp!"

"Nah you're the definition of that word. Tall, blond and a little slow on some cues but with one of the kindest hearts that exist." He purred against Clay's arm and leaned his forehead against the taller one's body again. Clay's body was still stiff but he didn't protest against George's words. George looked up once more as he got no further reaction and felt his brain short circuit as he saw the way Clay's pupils were dilated and completely focused on him.

Clay's face was still flushed and George swore he could feel the alphas' gaze sweep over his body like phantom touches, the image was definitely something that he would remember. It was a reminder that Clay wasn't cold to his advances. Clay older and taller with toned and more defined muscles than before was standing, now he was looming over him. Maybe it was his stupid biology or maybe it was his pseudo claim or maybe it was just George himself that couldn't control the spark of heat inside his stomach which seemingly continued to grow. This felt right, his tall and strong alpha leaning so close to him ready to protect him or- He gasped quietly and cleared his thoughts. This wasn't a thought to have inside the supermarket. He cleared his throat and looked to the ground. 'Think about work or literally anything else than getting fucking rail-' he thought to himself but apparently even his mind wasn't ready to calm down.

"Uh let's get a little bit of everything. What cereal do you have at home? The kid's like that honey crap." He changed the topic and gripped the trolley a bit tighter. He didn't look up at Clay, he couldn't his thoughts were circling his mind.

“Cheerios, whole wheat I believe.” Clay muttered and Goege swore he heard something deeper in that voice. He slowly started pushing the trolley forward again.

“Classic, tried them and ended with both gremlins refusing to even eat.” George sighed and put in some fruits like apples and bananas. Vegetables like some tomatoes, potatoes, a salad head and a few onions were the last that he threw in. They seemed to have a rule of no talking between them that let them both cool down a bit.

“Let’s get the cereal and go home.”

Clay nodded and rushed forward to quickly grab the boxes. He threw them in the trolley that had now been filled to the brim and George steered them towards the check out.

Their total came to an amount of about almost 300 dollars! But with the military discount they got about 10% off. George was happy with their haul, the price was pretty good considering they had just brought everything a household would need to even function.

Clay stopped him from carrying any bags and let him steer the empty trolley to its original place. A good deal for George to help him cool down but as he returned and saw Clay’s forearms and muscles more with the weight of the bags he suddenly felt robbed. Fire rose and pooled in the base of his stomach.

A successful trip in more than one way, he mused and entered the car with Clay. As he looked at the alpha starting the car he leaned back and soaked in the feeling that was surrounding and clouding all his senses. Like a heated blanket Clay’s scent and presence wrapped around him. This felt right. His alpha was back home and they were getting ready to go home. To a new shared home. As he thought about the groceries in the back and the man next to him he knew their kids would be happy.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment! Like for real, I need those. They are basically my pay. These words will be used for further motivation. It's a great way to create energy to keep on writing ;P

Oh and don't forget to share theories. Pleaseee I wanna hear and see if some of you noticed what's happening.

The talk

Chapter Summary

no beta read chapter thsi time ^^

i hope you can forgive me. But i think it's cleanish?

oh and the story plot is finally planned out. i have 6 pages of writing. this will be a big ass ride.

btw if any ao3 writers wanna like collab and write something for dnf togheter...i'd love that.. <3

please i want to make friends and share ideas. if you want to hit me up on twitter<3

here you go 4692 words without a beta reader ^^; good luck haha

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They arrived safely in Clay's parents driveway. The air around them had settled into a more comfortable one, they seemingly had both agreed to ignore the previous moment. Clay pulled the key out of the ignition and gave him an unsure smile, his green eyes were filled with mist and he was chewing slightly on his bottom lip.

"Ready for this?" Clay asked him with a gentle manner. George wondered if Clay realized how much more uncertain the blond looked next to George. Sure, he was meeting Clay's parent's all over again ,but it would be their shared burden to tell Lucas about the situation. George kicked himself back into the seat and turned his head to Clay.

"I am fine, but you seem to be hesitating. Worried about Lucas?" Clay sighed and hid his face behind his hands.

"Yeah. It's not like-" He groaned and fiddled with his hands as he pointed towards the entrance of the house. "I just feel like I'm being an ass, I don't know if he has a picture of his father already painted out in his mind, what if he doesn't like me? I want him to be happy but I don't know if I can make him happy!"

George huffed and sat up straight as he unbuckled his seatbelt and leaned over to hold Clay's face in his hands. They made eye contact and Goerge had to try his hardest to not stare at Clay's lips, seeing the blond up this close was different. The blond's freckles had gotten more over the years, but they had gotten brighter. The lashes were still undoubtedly long and dark but the colour of his eyes had remained the same. He swallowed down his thoughts and concentrated on the topic.

"Listen, I know Luca and I can promise you he'll be just as happy as Elsa was! As a parent you'll be questioning daily if you are making the right decision. But the thing is you won't have the time to question if you're doing the right thing because if you aren't trying to do that very thing you might just miss it completely." George let go of Clay's cheeks and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards the house.

"Those two kids in there have been with me for 9 years of my life. They missed 9 years of your presence which we'll have to make up fast. So let's forget our worries and go. Life is what happens when you are busy making other plans. So stop and let's do this!"

George had grabbed Clay's hands and was holding them tightly with his own. The alphas cloudy gaze had cleared up and the usual spark was flaring up again.

"You're absolutely right. Let's go." Clay gave his knuckles a light hearted kiss before jumping out the car and opening the door for George on the other side. Ever the gentlemen, George thought and hopped out of the vehicle. "By the way was that a goddamn John Lennon quote?" Clay questioned as he closed the door behind George.

George quickly took his place next to Clay. "Maybe." He laughed and intertwined their hands. Clay chuckled under his breath. "You're such an idiot."

"Your idiot though." He noted and swung their intertwined hands as they made their way up the small pathway to the door.

They hadn't even stepped onto the doorstep before the door burst open to reveal the Schenider's residence as a little ball of energy stormed George's way.

"Papaaa!" Shouted Elsa and came running to him with big steps that made his heart jump. He had lectured her about her running tendency so often, but she never learned. If she fell it would be a worthy lesson. "You're back!" She cheered loudly and made her way to him with waving arms.

Elsa was quick to jump up into his arms. She hugged him tightly and hid her face inside his sweater. He secured his pup in his arms and looked towards the door and smiled as he saw Luca's excited face. The smaller blond's hand was connected with his grandmothers. Or secret grandmother, George mused. Lucas gave him a small wave.

Luca must be getting along pretty well with his grandma, the kid was often shy around strangers but this was a completely different reaction to strangers than he had ever had before. Maybe Luca knew somewhere deep down, that this was family. After all, the thousand parenting magazines and books had taught him a lot about children's instincts, they wrote often about how young children could pick out their family by scent and even feel them from in between the tightest crowds. If a child could find their parent in between a myriad of scents, why couldn't he do the same with a grandmother? Lucas had to be aware of it on some level. He turned back towards the little girl in his arms.

"Hey sweetie. How was it?" He mumbled into Elsa's blond hair and kissed her forehead. Her scent hadn't changed much which George liked, his instincts were usually calmer when his children were in close proximity to him. Their scent usually only changed when they were at another place for too long. He didn't like picking them up from school and having them smell like 30 different people.

"It was great! Gra-," she quickly put her hand in front of her mouth before she leaned closer and whispered. "Grandma made us cookies! We watched some old cartoons and guess what! Drista was a big sailor moon fan! She gave me her old cd collection of the full first season! Now we can listen to them, you said that there is some bad stuff in the dvds so we can just listen to the cds right?"

George chuckled and thought about the pjs in the back of the trunk. Elsa would definitely love them. Clay had done a good job. George let his gaze travel to the alpha that was standing awkwardly on the doorstep next to Lucas and his own mother. George sighed on the inside and wondered how he could get Clay and the kids to become closer.

"That sounds good, bunny."

George pressed his cheeks against Elsa's blueberry scented hair and gave the blonde one more peck before setting her down carefully and walking with her hand in hand towards the entrance of the home.

"Hello George, it's so good to see you again. How have you been?" Clay's mother smiled at him kindly, her smile had become more wrinkled over the years and the gray strands in her blond hair were a new addition. However the grey streaks didn't make her look old, they made her look wiser. Her crystal blue eyes pierced his soul as they made eye contact. Alone from the eyes he could tell that this was still the same woman he met all those years ago.

"Good, Donna. I'm sorry for the whole situation, this is surely a lot to take in." He gave her a kind smile and from the corner of his eyes he could see Clay exhale as if a stone had been lifted from his shoulders. Was he worried about George re-meeting his mother? George had met Donna before and the blond omegan mother had always greeted him with a warm smile and a southern accent in her greeting. George was glad he still knew her name, it would have been pretty embarrassing if not. Donna mirrored his smile as she waved off his concerns.

"Oh no, don't worry honey. I'm just glad you're back. Let's go inside and continue there. I'm sure we have a lot to discuss. I didn't tell them yet by the way."

George nodded and together they followed Donna inside. They didn't take off their shoes but he and Clay took off their jackets. Elsa and Lucas took off to what he remembered to be the living room. The noise of the tv confirmed it. The layout of the house hadn't changed.

The kids rounded the corner presumably to go and talk to the voice coming from the living room which George assumed to be Drista. Donna turned around to them and made a gesture to follow as they walked into the kitchen where she pulled out some mugs. George felt a small bit of anxiety crawl inside of his veins, he wanted this to go well.

"Coffee or tea?" She asked with her southern drawl.

"Oh a cup of tea please." Donna chuckled at his response and pulled out some tea bags.

"Don't know why I asked, of course you'd choose the tea." She chuckled and brewed two cups of coffee from a thermoscan. She put the mugs and some sugar and milk on a tray and they went to the dining room where she put down the tray next to some cookies. On two spaces cookie crumbs lead from the plate towards the stools, George knew in seconds who had sat on the left side of the table.

Clay took a seat right in front of him and cringed as he presumably sat down on said crumbs.

"They already know about them staying here so don't worry about that." Clay whispered towards him. "I told them when I was on the phone at Target. She's fine with it too so don't frown. She probably just wants to reconnect and catch up." Clay clarified and reached for his hand after swiping the crumbs of the chairs on the left side. Clay's hand gripped his own and squeezed his gently. A thump rubbed over his knuckles and he felt his previous worries drift away. How was it possible that such a simple touch could ease him up?

"Okay. Thanks." He mumbled and gave Clay a reassuring smile and squeezed back before letting go and straightening his back. Donna made her way back to them with the hot water. She poured the hot water into his tea mug with a gentle demeanor before putting down the steaming liquid and taking her place at the table.

"Well I'm sure we have a lot to talk about." She started and gazed into her mug full of steaming

black coffee. "First of all I want to say that you are always welcome here George. You can come back to us no matter what, I should have made that more clear when you were still with Clay." She looked him into his eyes at the statement and he nodded to show her he was listening closely. Her tone had gotten deeper and brittle, almost as if guilt was weighing on her shoulder.

Donna held out her hand and George was quick to take it. He didn't want her to feel guilty, it wasn't her fault he had been an idiot. George should have been braver. She rubbed his knuckles with her thumb identical to how Clay had done just seconds prior and smiled while making eye contact as she continued. He wondered if the gesture was something Clay had learned from her.

"So don't forget that please. We'll always be here for you. We'll take the children whenever you need it. I know how hard it is to raise kids so trust me when I tell you I know the struggle. You remember how wild Clay was? I can take some 9 year olds. So don't hesitate to contact us if you need a break."

George felt tears well up in his eyes for what felt like the hundredth time today. He nodded and blinked a little faster as he felt the tears multiply. His vision was already blurring and he could feel the first tears sneakign their way down. He bit his lip to keep calm.

"Thank you, Donna. This means a lot." He answered with a quavering voice.

Donna crooked her head to the side and gave him a smile before opening her arms and pulling him into an embrace around the table. It was awkward and the edge of the table rammed into his stomach slightly but it was the embrace of a mum that he so badly needed. He wished his own mum could come visit him, but currently she didn't have the time nor money.

"It's okay, honey. I know it was hard." She whispered against his head. He couldn't stop his tears from running down his cheeks. He tightened his hold and felt Donna pat his back. He took some deep breaths to calm himself, but the hug of a parental figure was something that apparently stirred something deep within him. Donna had a strong floral scent that reminded him of his mothers favorite perfume. He tightened the embrace just so slightly and tried to calm his tears.

As he calmed down he let go of Donna and rubbed his eyes to help him see clearly again. As he looked up he saw Clay's concerned gaze on him. The alpha's eyes were filled with sadness and George could practically smell the guilt coming from him. He gave an encouraging smile but the action only seemed to worsen Clay's guilt.

Clay's mum followed his gaze and cleared her throat.

"Clay, go out and play with Luca. I think it would be good to get a little closer to him before you two tell him. And while you do that me and George can take some time to talk alone."

Clay gave George a look that made George smile. George understood the silent question that was being cast his way. A simple 'Are you sure?' seemed to travel from dream eyes. He gave the alpha a smile with an encouraging nod and Dream took it as his time to leave. As the blond rounded the corner he made sure to brush through George's hair the other gently messed up his hair before leaving towards the living room.

Donna met his gaze as George turned back to her. Her eyes were silvery blue and stared right into his heart. George rubbed at his eyes a little and took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry. I feel horrible about the whole situation. I kept Clay from his babies for 9 years. I don't

even have a real reason. I was just stupidly anxious, but I didn't even think about you guys. I should have told everyone sooner. I am so incredibly sorry, Donna." He wept and tried to stop himself from making eye contact by hiding behind his own hand. He couldn't meet her eyes, the feeling of guilt and her soul piercing stare made him want to cry uncontrollably. A mother's gaze be it from guilt or compassion steered something in the hearts of people.

Donna moved without speaking and seconds after a tissue box was pushed towards him silently. He cleaned his nose and wiped his tears as he tried to regain his composure. He counted his inhaleds before looking up at Donna. Her gaze didn't hold judgement but his guilty conscience let doubt and worry nibble at his gut.

"I know that you are sorry, honey. And I promise you me or my husband aren't angry. I am glad to have grandchildren, I was doubting if I'd ever receive some after you two split up. Listen George," Donna leaned slightly forward as she spoke, some of her brown hair streaks followed her movement. "The most important thing right now is that you and the kids are comfortable. I of course am hoping for you and Clay to try again but that is entirely up to the both of you."

Donna pushed back the brown strands of hairs and tucked in behind her ear. She grabbed George's hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "We are a family, George. We will always be here for you. I know how hard it must have been to raise these two without even your own parents nearby. I promise you we will fix this situation and help you get some free time too. Maybe we can help you see your parents again or help them come down here."

George nodded and rubbed at his eyes again. He would love to see his parents again, the phone calls were nice but he missed his mother's warmth and comfort. His father's usual aftershave scented prickly beard hugs were both a comfort for him which he hadn't felt in years.

"And George, from Omega to Omega: I think it's best if you tell Lucas now. The sooner the better, Elsa has trouble keeping it quiet and I believe it would be the worst scenario possible for Lucas to hear this from his own sister. Lucas might be stronger than you think. I was always worried about how Clay would take certain changes but in the end he always ended up surprising me with a reaction I wouldn't have suspected. So stop worrying and let Clay take some of that burden." Donna let go of his hands and pushed his sweaty locks to the side as she stared into his eyes and gave him a smile.

"And in between just us two, let Clay spoil you a bit. Let me tell you your Omega will thank me for this. You're stressed, your alpha is suddenly back and alive and you have two children, one of them doesn't know their father is back. Of course you are all a bit under stress. Your second nature will be running wild for a while. Also don't forget to keep your heat in mind. Your alpha is back and your omega might want to reaffirm it's claim on him. The same might happen with Clay when the neutralisers wear off."

George nodded and tried to hide his red tint. When had the conversation changed into this topic? Sure he was a grown up man but it was still awkward to talk about heats with others. Especially with your in-laws! Well technically she wasn't, but she was on the same spectrum.

"Thanks Donna. I'll keep it in mind." She gave him an encouraging nod and pointed outside to the back door.

"Go and talk with Clay about Lucas. I'll keep Rose entertained together with Drista."

George pushed himself up and took his tissues away as he left the dining room. He opened the sliding door that led out the back and blinked a few times as the harsh evening sun hit him.

He combed his fingers through his hair not caring about the way the sweaty strands felt. He looked over at Clay playing with Lucas on the old swing set. He had to tell him, he couldn't get out of this without telling Lucas the truth. The more he pushed it away the more of an issue it would become. Lucas had the right to know. Sure, the plan had been for Clay to be a slower introduction into their lives but the plans had changed. When did plans ever work out?

He mustered the swings again, two of the most important people in his life were bonding and having a good time. How could he break that up with his announcement? He didn't want to ruin this moment for Luca. Luca didn't even know he was making memories. Memories of playing with his father for the first goddamn time. George sighed as the clump in his stomach tightened, the anxiety and guilt was starting to weigh him down. It felt like carrying a stone inside of him.

The guilt was eating him from the inside, he had told Elsa immediately. Sure, it hadn't been his decision but at that time he should have thought more about that decision. Now he'd have to explain why Lucas' sister knew before him on top of that.

He sighed and willed himself to take the first steps towards them. He felt the guilt nip at his thoughts and pester him as he saw his son's smile as he let himself get pushed higher and higher by Clay. Would that smile break when he knew the truth? No use in worrying he had to stay strong.

"Hey Lucas. How was your day?" He asked nonchalantly with a poor attempt of smalltalk.

Lucas giggled and pointed at the house before quickly gripping the swing again to steady himself.

"It was great! We watched some tv and afterwards we played outside. Donna gave us cookies." He explained and kicked his legs up and down to swing higher.

"That's good to hear. Lucas I have something to tell you, would you mind coming here and sitting with me for a minute?"

"Papa, are you sick?" Lucas quickly asked with a mild panicked undertone. He abruptly stopped his attempts to swing higher and Clay helped him come to a stop. Clay was looking over Lucas and raising up both his brows. George gave him a smile and an awkward nod to signal him to stay.

"Well yes but that isn't about that. It's about something else." Lucas had jumped down the swing seat and both sat down in the grass. Clay stood awkwardly with both hands fumbling inside his pockets and George could see the confusion as to why Clay was allowed to stay for the private talk.

"I want you to know that I always planned to tell you this but the situation changed and now I need to tell you or it's just unfair. I know this will be hard to understand but please stay calm and let us explain everything. Can you try to do that?"

Luca nodded but his expression of childlike glee had changed to one of worry. George reached out for him and gave his shoulder a squeeze. The smaller blond looked up at him with a gaze that made him reconsider his next words. Should he sugar coat it? He decided against that, he had tried to evade the truth as much as possible. He had to come clean.

"Clay, is your biological father. I'm sorry I didn't tell you this immediately but we had to have some grown up talk first."

"What?" Luca asked and whipped around to see Clay still standing there awkwardly as he tried to make himself smaller and more approachable by letting his shoulders sack down. "But you never

talked about dad at all! I thought he was dead!”

Lucas' small hands reached for his sweater as the boy tried to shake George with all his might. But he was shaking only fabric, his anger not dulling the boy changed his plans and raised his fist to swing at George's chest.

But before the small fist could hit his chest a hand shot out to stop it, Clay had stopped Lucas from hitting him, George didn't understand why. Lucas had every right to be angry and the small fists weren't going to do much damage. The smaller blond's gaze switched from an unsure anger to a gaze of spite as Clay kneeled in front of both of them and directed the small fist against his chest.

“Don't hit George, it's my fault too. It was really hard for your papap to make the decision. I was being a big a-” Clay quickly shut his mouth and swallowed the oncoming curse word, before continuing with a more steady pace. “a big dillweed. I was being a big dillweed when me and George separated.”

Lucas mustered Clay and George felt himself draw in a sharp breath as the little fist raised again.

“You were never there! Why!?” Lucas screamed at Clay. The small fist pattered down on the older blond's chest. Clay didn't move an inch as the little pup threw his tantrum. Clay's stature was folding into itself as the alpha tried his hardest to submit to the way smaller kid in front of him. It was rare to see alphas lay off their dominant behaviour and submit to others, he hadn't seen Clay submit before. He stilled all his movement and waited for them to sort this out.

“I've wanted a dad in so long! I thought-” Lucas' anger was starting to drip into sadness as tears welled up in his eyes and the swinging fists finally stilled. Luca's hands raised once more over Clay's huddled figure as he tightly gripped the blond's hair and drew himself closer.

In between pearls of tears uncouth words spewed from the pup's lips. Clay was leaned closer to Lucas but the blond had trouble understanding the smaller child in between his sobs. George finally moved again and reached forwards to gently pet Luca's back as he sobbed into Clay's embrace.

Luca had buried his tiny hand in the alpha's hair and George would be worried about Clay's reaction if he didn't know the other well enough.

“I'm sorry, I promise I'll make it up to you two. I'll spend every minute of my life with you from now on.” Clay promised and leaned his chin on the lighter blond locks. “I'll never stop being there for you, from here on, please give me a chance.”

Lucas' hands loosened and the blond rubbed at his eyes and smeared his snot from crying against his sleeves. “You need to tell Elsa too!”

They stilled and Lucas of course picked up in the change of atmosphere.

“You told her already?!” He shrieked and jumped out of Clay's lap as he turned to face both adults. “That's so unfair!”

“It was more of an accident, she overheard. She wasn't supposed to know and it was already late. We didn't want to wake you up.” George soothed and released a calming scent as he reached out for Lucas and cuddled his pup close to his chest.

“It's just unfair! She knew before me!” Luca huffed and puffed up his cheeks in anger. George chuckled as he saw an old memory of Dreams pouting face in college.

“You’re right buddy. Then how about we’ll say you have a free favour?”

Lucas' lip pushed it into a thin line as he debated taking George's deal.

“What does that mean?” He asked in a cool tone, George suppressed a smile seeing his kid act like a grown up businessman making a deal.

“It means you get to ask for something in a reasonable way, you can call that favour in whenever. It could be while shopping when you find a toy you really want or to stay up a little longer.” George explained and reached out his hand with an outstretched pinky.

“I’ll pinky promise it even!” Luca mustered his outstretched hand but turned away and stretched his little pinky out to Clay.

“I want Dad to be the one to have to give me a favour!” He exclaimed. The small blond had a serious expression with a crease in between his eyebrows as he waited for Clay to take his hand. The clear blue eyes stared deeply into Clays as Clay reached out to pinky and promised Lucas a favor.

“I’ll pinky promise it. I kept my last pinky promise didn’t I? Whatever wish you’ll have I’ll grant it no matter the cost..”

Lucas nodded and they crossed pinkies before Lucas' features smoothed out again and he smiled at Clay.

“So we can call you dad?” The tall blond alpha eyes widened as his mouth sprang open and he quickly answered with a court. “Yes, of course!”

“Papa, will we stay all together now?” Lucas turned to him and crooked his head slightly to the side,

“Well, yes for the time being. But we’ll have to set up everything at Dad’s home so for now we’ll have to ask you to stay with your grandparents.”

Lucas' eyes widened and a grin broke loose.

“Right, they are our grandparents! It’s going to be so fun!”

George opened his mouth to say something as he stopped in his tracks as a car rolled into the driveway.

“Oh would you look at that, Lucas.” Clay said and pointed to the grey Volvo. “Grandpa is back. Maybe he heard you?” Clay mused jokingly but the small blond had already sprung up and ran towards the older man as he slowly exited the car and waved towards him.

Chapter End Notes

btw if any ao3 writers wanna like collab and write something for dnf togheter...i'd love that.. <3

please i want to make friends and share ideas. if you want to hit me up on twitter<3 or tumblr! i'm also on tumblr! <https://kassyfrost.tumblr.com/>
i tend to be more of a crackhead on there.

Country Roads Take Me Home

Chapter Summary

I know I know.. I updated just yesterday. And I now my uploading schedule is shit.... but hear me out. The chapters are getting too long. This one is already 3924 words. I read a chapter shouldn't be more than 3000 words because it will start to bore readers. Idk, you guys like 3000 words or about 5000 words chapter more?
ALSO LEAVE KUDOS AND COMMENTS PLEASE

plus i heard updating on a friday is pog for more clout

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay's father had finally arrived with his new car. The Volvo looked good, the exterior was sleek but reminded him of a typical family car, the thought made his heart squeeze in a warm way. This had been his dream ever since he had met George. Sure, they had skipped some steps and talks before taking the family path but that didn't matter anymore, George, the pups and him were a real family. George didn't even flinch from his words of affection. Clay did not want to push his luck so he made sure to draw a mental border. George did not seem to mind that they were moving in together, however he seemed to be a bit on the edge. Maybe it was the fact that everything was happening so goddamn fast again, maybe it was the pseudo claim or maybe it was just Clay in general. He eyed the entrance of the house as he carried another set of groceries from his father's car to his newly bought one. George was in there conversing with his mother, the two seemed to get along well. Maybe even better than before, whatever that little talk from before had been about it had helped George feel more comfortable. A part of Clay hoped for them to just revert back to their old selves, he wanted to skip the awkward talks and the way they were dancing on conceptual borders. He wanted to come home from a day at work and see George there with his two pups. He wanted to take on the old fashioned role, but he also knew that this stupid way of thinking had driven them break up. Clay had just assumed for George to follow with whatever he was putting down.

Clay sighed and put down the items in his arms. He raked a hand through his hair. The military cut had taken a lot of inches from his locks, but they were starting to grow back. He leaned against the trunk of his car and eyed the entrance again. His hands made their way into his jeans pockets and he couldn't stop his fingers from twiddling with a loose strand in there.

He wondered if George liked his new look. He had caught himself thinking that a lot in the last hours. The scene from the store was still deeply etched into his mind. What would have happened if George hadn't turned away. Did this mean George felt the same pull towards him? Clay knew that whatever had happened in the supermarket at that very moment was what he was looking for. He wanted this and George was showing signs of reciprocating that feeling. He groaned and leaned his head against the metal of the car. George's actions felt like a constant tease, the omega would claim himself to be Clay's and in the next moment he'd separate their intertwined hands. Clay lifted his hands upwards and covered the sun, rays of sunlight breaking through the clouds and casting streaks of gold into the red evening sky. The image was certainly pretty.

One day had already gone by so fast, he had just moved her and somehow he was already caught up in a whirlwind of action. He had bought his first house, he had gotten a new car and he had a family. A new family, his very own family to be exact. He smiled at the thought. Even better, he

was spending time with George for the next few days, alone. They'd be at their new home together, alone.

Clay brought down his hand and covered his now red cheeks. He had to stop thinking about George in such a way. It felt inappropriate to think about George this way, but he knew that at some point they would talk about it. George's heat would be coming back at some point. He wondered if the heat episode would start when his scent neutralizers would fully wear off. He shook off the thought and kicked himself away from the car as he went back to the job at hand. He was in the middle of transporting and moving all the groceries from his parents car to his new one, he had no time to slouch off. Without his father's help they would be even more in a hurry, thanks to his help they had a car to transport all the stuff they'd be moving from one place to the other. His father was the best, he couldn't believe how much their relationship had changed. He had even filled up the car full of fuel just for him.

He couldn't quite comprehend how all this good karma was suddenly coming his way, his feelings were whirring on high settings. He felt elated, he couldn't stop smiling as he saw the similarities in Luca and himself. The small boy was truly a miniature version of him, a mix of him and George. Something that they made, the thought made him proud. He was a dad, now even officially he would call himself a dad and would be called a dad by their children. He laughed quietly to himself as he caught himself in the car's backway mirror. His lips were curved up into a permanently goofy smile, the scent around him was full of happiness and pride. He couldn't even calm himself, he was so happy. Everything was slowly coming together. George was moving in with him like the original plan had been all these years ago. Sure, it was temporary but maybe just maybe it wouldn't be.

They were becoming a real family.

Clay stopped as he saw the newly bought pjs in the car. He carefully pulled them out of the grocery bags and took off the tags as he folded them and laid them on top of the car. He pulled out all the stuff the children would need to stay here for the night. Some toothpaste and toothbrushes and the pjs should be enough. He carried the last bags to the new car and closed the lid as he returned to the old one and closed the lid too. He fetched the items from the roof and made his way back to the house.

He entered his family home and tried to calm his pheromones to calm his scent at least a little bit. The sight of the kids playing with Drista's and his old toys on the floor made his task even harder. He entered quietly and made a beeline to the couch where George and his mother were huddled close watching the children and peering into a magazine. He couldn't read the title of the magazine from this angle but from the decoration on the cover he could tell it was one about Home and furniture decoration. He sat down on the couch next to George and his mother, careful not to shake them too much.

"Here's the stuff for the kids." He said as he put down the pjs and toothbrushes on the small coffee table.

"Oh great, I guess you two have to get going soon or? If you still want some daylight by the time you're home you'll have to get moving." His mother answered as she peered up from the magazine. Clay checked the clock on the living room wall, the time was already 5pm. They did have to hurry. Didn't the children go to bed at around 7? Besides that, George and him still had a lot to plan and discuss.

"Yeah, you're right Donna." George answered in a low tone. A low tune that sounded just a tad too tired. Clay turned to get a better look at the omega. George looked worse again, the brown locks of dark hair stuck to his forehead in cold sweat, his skin had become paler. Clay opened his mouth to ask but George decided to push himself up at that moment. However the other's balance was a little off and the omega rushed straight for the floor, Clay felt his body move on autopilot as he sprang up and rammed his hand between George and the floor. He caught George from diving nose first into the stone tile floor. His heart hammered and he pulled George against his chest, he made sure to steady the omega as he took his temperature with his wrist.

"George, why didn't you say anything? You're definitely not doing alright." George's forehead was

heating up again. The feverish skin heated his wrist.

The kids had noticed the situation and came rushing to crowd George. Luca grabbed Clay's leg and laid a hand carefully onto George's arm. Elsa was standing on her tiptoes stretching up as much as possible and trying to reach George.

"Are you okay Papa?" Asked Elsa in a worried tone. George pushed himself just enough from Clay to smile down at her and nod. "Yes, just a little dizzy. I'll be alright in a bit. But dad and I have to go now. I want you two on your best behaviour! You know the rules for Alexi's place and the same applies here!"

The two kids nodded and George tried to lean down to comb through their hair but his feet didn't agree and he stumbled forward. Clay caught him again, this time he had been prepared. He tightened his hold on George and held him up against his chest.

"Yeah, let's get you home baby." Clay started and reached behind George's legs to pull him up. He tensed his shoulders and upper body and with one swift movement he whisked George up into his arms. The other was already too far gone as he didn't even complain. He bit his tongue slightly as he realized what he had just called George, they weren't there yet or? George didn't complain at the nickname, maybe he was too far out or maybe he couldn't be bothered to correct Clay. Or maybe just maybe he was fine with it, or maybe he even liked it. George buried his nose in Clay's neck, Clay could feel George relax as the small omega breathed in his scent.

"Oh, of course! The bond." Clay muttered against George's ear and he felt the brunette nod. Clay turned to his children and smiled apologetically.

"I'll hug you two tomorrow but I'll have to get Papa home." The big eyes still looked worried and he felt his body release some calming scent to calm the pups. Luca slowly let go of his pants and nodded, Elsa took it like a big girl and simply took a step back as Clay turned to his mother. He gave his mom a small wave to say goodbye while holding George close.

"I'll be going, mom. I think it's the bond acting up. I was gone for too long, it must have worsened it."

His mother nodded. "We'll take care of those two rascals, don't worry about the two. George, honey please tell us next time. We should have gotten Clay to come back, you aren't a bother. I didn't notice it was getting worse, sorry. Oh and Clay, tell your dad goodbye before you leave! And have a safe trip."

"Have a safe trip!" Drista and the kids echoed from below where they were previously playing. He gave his sister a small wave and an apologetic glance, he hadn't been able to talk to her at all. He would have to apologize over the phone tomorrow.

He smiled and nodded softly as to not to disturb George in his arms too much, he moved with slow steps as he made his way into the kitchen to see his father scrolling on the family laptop.

"Hey dad. George and I are going home."

Hsi father looked up at him and raised his brow as he saw George's condition.

"It got worse again? Oh no, drive say son. We'll handle the kids. Oh, I checked for some children's beds. I'd say to check out Ikea maybe? The prices seem to be the best."

"Thanks dad. We'll check it out!" He said and waved as good as he could as he carried George outside. It was a bit tricky maneuvering another person through the small door frames of his childhood home. He had to twist and turn twice before they finally stepped outside. He whistled as he opened the door, making George stir a bit. His parents had been right, the sun was setting quickly.

"They were right, the sun is nearing west." He mumbled and George hummed in agreement, he doubted that George had even looked up. The hot breath against his neck was enough for him. As he opened the car door he felt George's grip tightened around his neck.

"You'll have to let go, you know?" He chuckled and put George down gently. The arms stayed wrapped around him and the omegas didn't move from his scent gland, Clay was starting to worry.

"George?" He asked with concern, lacing his voice. The omega sighed before loosening his grip.

"Sorry but the headache gets less with your scent. It's weird."

George leaned back and let himself fall into the seat, Clay reached out to check the male's

temperature again.

"It's not weird." He hummed and withdrew his hand. George was indeed heating up again. The pseudo claim truly was something to take seriously. From now on he would have to remember that he had to stay in close proximity to George. Clay sighed and leaned forwards to strap in George. His hands were already pulling on the belt as the omega laughed in embarrassment. George's hand shot forward to grab the seatbelt.

"I can do it Clay. I'm just a bit dizzy." George mumbled but didn't move to push him off. Clay took it as a sign to continue and

"I'm just doing my job as your mate, omega." Clay quipped with a joking tone but as he finished locking the belt he let his eyes wander down, wondering why George hadn't responded to his quip. As he glanced down, he was met with a shudder inducing sight.

George's pupils were slightly dilated, the doe brown irises were enchanting him to lean closer. George's face was flushed red, Clay could see the red tint travel up to his ears. The alpha swallowed and tried to ignore how quickly his heartbeat had sped up. Clay felt himself heat up in various areas at the sight below him. He took in a sharp breath as an image of George below him in heat flashed over in his mind.

From George's scent he could tell the omega had been affected by his words alone. The sugary sweet scent penetrated the air and covered the plastic like scent of their new car. He wanted to calm himself by taking a deep breath but that would be a dangerous move. He had to calm himself before he'd sent George into a full on blown heat. He couldn't forget that the pseudo claim was still affecting George, if he wanted anything more to happen he wanted it to be George's decision, not just his nature.

He cleared his throat and moved forwards slightly. George gasped at his movement and Clay shuddered at the thoughts that must be crossing the omegas mind. He leaned forwards and let his lips strife over George's forehead. He swallowed a growl inside of his throat that threatened to well up at the sweet taste of George. He took in a deep breath and ignored the growing tent below his waist. He pushed himself from George and wriggled his way out of the car. He closed the door and rounded the car to take his place on the driver's seat.

He adjusted his seat and the mirrors while ignoring the obvious erect scent traveling sickly sweet from George. His own erection wasn't going to go down soon. He felt bad at leaving George like this so he glanced over as he started the engine. George had turned from him and was looking out of the window. George didn't look like he was trying to calm himself by staring out of the window, he seemed to be sulking. Clay reached over and put his hand on George's thigh.

"You're sick right now." He stated as if that could explain the whole situation and their reactions.

But he wanted George to know that he wasn't rejecting him. He still knew George well enough, the body language of the other was telling him George wasn't pleased with his reaction. The other's shoulders were slouched and he was trembling slightly.

"Just not now, I still-" He cleared his throat and caught George's gaze in the window. He stopped as he saw the tears in George's eyes. His body went rigid as they made eye contact in the window. He opened his mouth to speak up but George turned from him. He stopped the car engine and reached over to turn George towards him. George resisted him and huffed at his continuous attempts to turn the omega which resulted in Clay emitting a small growl. George turned towards him with crossed arms and stared forwards. Clay leaned over and pulled George over the gear shift as much as the seatbelt let him. He brushed his lips against the scent gland at George's neck, the chaste kiss made George's neck hairs stand up.

"I'm not rejecting you." He whispered against the omegas neck. "I want you, trust me. But we agreed on taking it slow. Which might not be our style but I really want to try this time. I want to show you how serious I am." He whispered against George's neck. George sighed and leaned against his touch.

"You're right. I'm just being unreasonable. Sorry." George huddled closer and Clay smiled as he felt the Omega scent him in return. The scenting seemed to work against the pseudo claim, he wondered if this could be a solution for the separation problem. He slowly let George out of his

embrace and turned back and started the engine up again.

“Then let’s go home.”

Clay put his arm behind George's seat and backed out from the driveway. It didn't take long before they rolled out onto the street. He felt his body settle down slowly but a new feeling was making its way up inside of him. Anxiety crawled up at thought, what if George hated his house. He didn't want the omega to dislike the new house, he could only hope that it was to George's liking. If he wanted the other to move in permanently he could only hope the house would impress him.

The drive took about twenty minutes, he was surprised at how quickly he adapted to the new car. The gear shift sat a bit lower than he was used to but it wasn't a dramatic change. He swallowed audibly as they made their way into his driveway. The house's exterior was boring, white stone brick with a straight black roof. Typical modern city built. He glanced at George as he stopped the car and pulled the handbrake.

“Well, what do you think?” He questioned and played with the keys in the ignition. George shrugged and pointed at the roof of the house.

“I don't like the flat roof, it feels as if something is missing. But it looks good, I guess. Just didn't think this would be your style.”

Okay, George was honest at least. George was, of course, right. The house wasn't his style but he didn't have time to shop for an aesthetically pleasing house, back then he had wanted a nice place to stay without having to wait a long period of time to move in.

“I didn't care for the style, I just needed to get out of the army facility quickly. So I took the first option that let me move in almost immediately.” He scratched his neck before pulling the keys out the ignition and opening the door on his side. He again rounded the car and opened George's door, at this point the motion was starting to become fluid. As he helped George exit the car a thought formed in his mind.

Back at college George used to half jokingly talk about how they would move in together after they were mated. He used to describe terrible romantic scenes that felt straight cut out from popular romance movies. He remembered one detail in particular, George had joked about it at least a million times. Every Time they had seen a movie with stereotypical alpha and omega couple the smaller had pointed at the screen and quipped ‘That’s going to be us!’ as the alpha carried the omega over the threshold of their new home. In Clay’s opinion the tradition had always been sappy but now, well now he understood why someone would want to do it. The tradition made sure the bride wouldn't stumble and bring misfortune into the marriage. Sure, they weren't married, yet. However the pseudo claim could be considered a marriage. Claims were the same as marriages, at least in terms of the paperwork. Both were classified as a way to bond, and weren't both him and George bonded on that level except physical?

Clay peered over to the door and wondered if he could open the door with only one free hand. The door to the passenger seat closed as George jumped out. Clay didn't have much time to think this through. He made up his mind and scooped up George the second time for today.

The omega let out a startled yelp. Arms wrapped around his neck as quickly as they could and George pulled himself closer to him, scared of being let go.

“What was that!” The omega squealed. Clay couldn't stop his lips from spreading into a big smile as George's voice quivered with surprise and adrenaline.

“It's tradition.” He stated in a matter of fact tone and marched towards their home entrance.

George's face scrunched up in confusion before his eyes widened. Clay could see the exact moment of when the omega understood him. The brown eyes widened and a dark red swept over his pale skin, George shifted his weight forward and curled himself up underneath his chin.

“I can't believe you remember that. You're such an idiot, Clay.” George's voice had gotten smaller as he mumbled against Clay's chest. The alpha tried to peer down at the man in his arms but George just hid even further underneath him, he could only catch a glimpse of the pink tint on the smaller man's ears.

He hummed in agreement and took the last step towards the front door.

“Oh come on, George. You secretly love it.” He teased and chuckled as he got an annoyed huff in response.

He put his knee up and against the wall of the house to let George rest his weight there. He kept George safe with one arm as he fiddled with the keys in his other hand. Finally, he grabbed the small silver key with the right grip and jammed it into the lock, with a twist he opened the door. He secured his grip on George and looked down at the small omega. George had twisted himself to peek over his own shoulder to get a glimpse at the inside of Clay's house. Their house, his brain supplied.

He straightened his back and took the step forward into their new home.

“Welcome home, George.”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave kudos and comments. I have a test on monday and wednesday, I need the dopamien to feed my motivation. please i only have this- spare some change and feed an ao3 write today! even if you leave three words of love idc i will respond. i love them so fricking much.

Renovating the new Home

Chapter Summary

Thanks again @Sana_Auream for helping me with this <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George couldn't keep his mouth closed as he let his eyes wander all over the new place, Clay carrying him over the threshold with a tight grip. He had seen the place on the pictures Clay had shown him but he hadn't thought about how big the house would be compared to his apartment. If he added his place together with Alexis's he'd roughly have the size of the house. Well, maybe twice his place and once Alexis's. Alexis' mate earned a rather big sum, so their apartment was a little bigger.

He tightened his hold around the alpha's neck and reached out to touch the corridor's wall. The wall was smooth, none of that prickly stuff inside the paint like at his place. An important detail to consider, as kids trip and hit their heads or scrape their skin at literally anything.

Clay kicked the door lightly, shutting it with a small click. The blond carried him a little further into the house before setting him down. From here he could look around the whole place.

The kitchen was open and directly connected to the living room. The kitchen was a good size and even sprouted two bar stools to sit and eat at. The white walls changed to grey stone bricks within the kitchen, while the living room sprouted a wood wall. The pictures couldn't capture the size of the place, but they did show the monotone colours. The whole house was filled with white, grey, and brown.

"You need to put some colour in here. It's almost depressing!" He huffed and turned to Clay. The blond smirked and moved from his position, and with a shiteating grin leaned closer to answer him. "You're literally colourblind."

Peals of laughter escaped George and he swiftly tried to stamp on Clay's foot in protest. The other quickly evaded his attack and hid his laughter.

"You're so annoying. What about some yellow or blue? These are nice."

Clay shrugged and followed his gaze. "I guess? Those two clash a bit though. I mean, if we don't watch out we'll have the Swedish flag painted on the walls."

George chuckled lightly and nodded. Okay, so maybe just blue. But they would have to put in some color, the surfaces were all coloured in artificially pristine white and beige.

He took some steps forward before swinging himself onto the sofa. An orange rug covered the wooden floors in front of the couch, and there was also a tv mounted against the wall. The orange rug was the only colourful spot in this place and he quickly decided that this was his favorite part of the room.

The cream-coloured sofa felt comfortable, it had a nice bounce to it and had a single cushion leaned against the armrest. A few footsteps echoed behind him and a door opened. George turned his head and was met with Clay pointing with his thumb into another room.

"This is the room the kids will take. Just ignore the boxes, it's nothing against the boxes in the bedroom."

George raised his eyebrow and pushed himself up from his spot. He followed Clay and was met with an empty room. The walls were all in white, the flooring the same wood as the one in the living room. Some boxes were scattered around the place. Two windows lightened up the room as the last rays of sunshine filtered in through the blinds.

"I like it! We could get some nice wallpaper and make it look a bit friendlier! I don't think we have time to paint." George turned back to meet Dream. The other was leaning against the doorframe and shook his head.

"Actually wallpaper takes longer, we'll have to paint. We can get some water-based paint to make sure it won't be harsh on their lungs. It'll take like 6 hours to dry."

George was surprised, 6 hours was still long. Would they even finish all of that in a day?

"How long does wallpaper take to dry? We don't have time to wait 6 hours tomorrow!" Dream slowly started chewing at his bottom lip as the other's gaze strayed towards the wall.

"About 24 hours. We will have to paint tomorrow. Or-" Dream's eyes focused back onto him, the green eyes scanning his body, causing a shudder to run over his back.

"How are you feeling? If we go now we can still make it in time and buy some paint."

George pondered for a moment, he felt fine. The sweating and nausea had faded on the way here. His legs felt steady again, they didn't wobble as they did before. A thought crossed his mind. Clay didn't need to know that.

"Fine, a bit wobbly but I definitely won't faint on you."

Clay nodded and quickly strode forward. And an arm was offered to him, which he quickly took. He shouldn't be this needy, especially not with a flame that he hadn't seen in years. But the touch of the other left him with a tingle inside his hands. A tingle that spread from his hands to his chest and up into his head. A need to be close and grab, touch or caress.

Clay sat him down on a barstool in the kitchen. George had to suppress a whine as the other went to grab him a glass of water.

"I'll bring in the groceries, you stay here. And no buts! I'll be quick, I'll just take an empty box."

George wanted to protest, but that could blow his cover, so instead, he gave the blond a court nod and stayed still on the barstool. He let Clay get to work and scanned the kitchen more closely. A stainless steel fridge and sink, with an induction cooktop, were close to the window. The whole thing was missing some general appliances. Where were the wooden spoons and paper towels? Or sponges!

He jumped off the barstool and opened some drawers, relieved to see that at least he had some cutlery. He closed the drawer and checked the cabinet. Two pots and no pans. He kept searching till he found a paper and wrote down a quick list of missing items.

Clay entered with a big box just as he finished scribbling down to buy spices.

"Getting familiar? That's good," the blond spoke and put down the box on the living room table.

"Yeah, you weren't kidding when you said essentials, you are missing a shit ton of stuff."

"Told ya! But I don't think we have time to buy all of that today. Let's go and grab the paint for now, we only have two more hours till they close."

George nodded quickly and followed Clay as he turned out the lights and opened the front door to leave. The sun had fully set now, the sky dark and the air chilly. Luckily, he had kept his thick sweater on.

The drive to the big Swedish furniture shop was uneventful, he used the time to rest and leaned against the window as Clay turned the radio on and played it at a pleasant volume. His mind wandered over the events of the day. He had gone to the doctor, found out they had pseudo mated, met his parents-in-law again and they were moving in together. All of this in 24 hours. He huffed silently and watched as his breath fogged up the window. They were moving fast, but when hadn't they both moved fast? Somehow George should have expected this, in college they had done almost the same. Jumping into the relationship without a second thought. His first day at the American college had been the very start of it all. During the introduction from the teacher that led him to the programming course, no one had spared him an eye. But fate had given him a seat next to Nick. And luck had it that Nick was a pretty friendly dude, the beta had immediately asked him if he wanted to join his friend's group for lunch, and George, as a newbie, had quickly taken him up on the offer.

It was in the cafeteria that he first met Clay, a tall blond that radiated alpha from all sides.

However, for an alpha, the blond wasn't very success-driven. It turned out rather quickly that Clay had no wish to study, his mind was on American football and George dubbed him as himbo in his head. As they made eye contact there were no fireworks or any of that crap romance books or dramas described. They didn't have any spark, but he still felt welcome in the group. Nick, Clay, and a man called Adrian had been the first people he met at the college. Adrian, however, turned out to be just a general social butterfly, which was a surprise as his scent told him the other was an alpha, but his nature didn't seem to matter and the alpha went from table to table of the cafeteria blabbering with people all around.

After school, Nick and Clay invited him to join them on the bleachers. Clay was going to play and Nick was just going to watch. It seemed to be a routine between the two. Nick had told him about how he used to play American football till he quit the team as his grades fell from the added stress. Nick told him about Clay, how the blond just barely made it to college and wasn't even on his own accord here studying to become a programmer. Nick let it slide that Clay's parents pressured him, but assured George that that information was generally widely known and not private. George had listened half-heartedly, but his demeanor changed as he saw Clay walk out of the changing room. He never would have thought he could get this aroused so quickly. Toned forearms with heavy shoulder bags and tight white leggings that shouldn't be that goddamn attractive. He had no chance to calm his scent as Nick whistled beside him, then chuckled at his reaction.

"Well, I'll be damned. I tell you what took you longer than some of the others. Good luck, I'm rooting for you. You're definitely his type."

His head had whipped around to the dark haired beta, who wore a shit-eating grin with pride eradicating from his aura.

George had tried to hide his flustered expression and sat up straighter as he crossed his legs and tried to smile as best as he could to catch the alpha's gaze. And my, did it work. The blond's gaze pinpointed him in seconds, Clay gave him a wide smile which made a shudder crawl down his back. He waved and gave a thumbs up to signal 'Good Luck' and was met with a chuckle from his left.

That had been the start of a long-lasting friendship and an even stronger relationship. He had made multiple advances and at first, Clay had been too stupid to see them. Nick reassured him that it was sheerly from the number of omegas that pooled around the other in high school. By now, the constant favour and attention felt natural to Clay, so George had switched up his game two weeks in. He jumped over his own shadow and became needy for physical touch. He practically attached himself to Clay's hip and it worked. The alpha noticed his advances, his touch was met with open arms and the more their touches became visible the fewer advances Clay got. George became territorial, he showed people his intent which Clay didn't seem to catch on to. Envious eyes followed him inside the college walls, from the classrooms to the bleachers. At some point Nick even told him about feeling like a third wheel, saying that Clay only ever talked about George. He had laughed it off, hadn't believed Nick till a small incident in the cafeteria occurred. Adrian had come back to their table and sat down with a full tray of food on Clay's space, his blond himbo had gone off to grab George's tray for him. Nick had called the man a simp but Clay had quickly laughed it off and thrown back a joking 'Idiot' at the beta. George didn't mind grabbing his own food but Clay had offered it and he wasn't about to say no to get spoiled rotten. It felt nice being the center of attention to Clay... although, that was also the reason why he should have told Adrian the seat next to George was and always would be occupied.

The next seconds played back like a record player in his head. Two hands had slammed down George's tray and as swiftly as possible a stupidly tall blond alpha squeezed his way in between George and Adrian. The other alpha was pushed harshly to the side as a hand wrapped around George's waist and pulled him against a chest echoing with a low growl.

"My seat, my fucking George. Move." Adrian wasn't as tall, and he surely had no evil intentions towards George, nor did George believe the alpha had been interested in him. But Clay had still seen the other as a challenge, and to their luck Adrian was ready to back down and scoot closer to Nick. No more words were spoken as the event went down. Luckily Clay had come back to

himself and apologized to Adrian and George for the whole spectacle, Adrian had wholeheartedly laughed it all off.

That had been the official start of the relationship, Clay had apologized again on their way back to the dorms. The tall blond had even made sure to accompany George back to his dorm and carry his bag. All in all, George had been laughing on the inside as he pretended to be slightly offended, he had bathed in the attention and constant promises. Just in front of his doorstep he had gathered his confidence and told the blonde that the only way he could make it up to George was with a kiss. His words had been cheesy and needy, but they had worked. Clay had let go of his backpack and grabbed George's chin, pulling him closer. George had pushed himself up on his tiptoes as Clay had met his eyes asking for consent one last time before lowering his head. His heart fluttered as their faces got closer and closer, he could feel the hot breath of Clay on his upper lip and smiled into the kiss as Clay connected their lips. Again, he didn't feel any fireworks but any sound cut out, he heard a faint ringing in his ears as Clay placed a rather chaste kiss onto his lips. The blond separated them but did not let go of his chin, their eyes met and George let out a whine before wrapping his arms around the alpha's neck and pulling at the long streaks of blond hair, meeting his lips again.

George sighed as he replayed the memory inside his head. They had rushed into it, it hadn't taken long for them to get together, less than three weeks to be exact. If he checked his calendar he could even check the date of their anniversary to find out the exact number of days. He reminisced in the memory as the engine continued to hum, safely carrying them to their destination.

Ikea's 'opening hours' sign gave them a little more than one hour to roam around and find the items. They practically speedran into the store with a trolley and began making their way through the maze of furniture. An occasional stop was made for certain items, George throwing in a set of pans and pots while Clay had grabbed two medium-sized carpets, mumbling about the cold floor. As they arrived at the paint section Clay left him to grab some brushes and paint rollers.

George picked up two white paint buckets and lifted them into the trolley. They didn't have much time, so he disregarded making a big fuss about brands. The only thing he checked was making sure they were water-based. He pushed the trolley to the colours and pondered a little as to what the kids would appreciate. Maybe he could chuck in a big assortment of mixes and they could use a stencil to put different coloured points onto the wall. Or maybe a simpler ombre of a sunset? He grabbed an orange tint can and tried to imagine the walls in such a setting.

"George!" A hand grabbed his shoulder and he shook from his thoughts. Clay had returned. He turned around and saw two small boxes and some bags in the other's arms. "I have an idea! We could put these glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling! Maybe some LEDs instead of nightlights too! They're way more eco-friendly."

George grabbed the small bags and shook them as he checked over the little stars, the idea was quite cute and he could definitely see the kids liking the night sky look.

"I really like that idea. What if we leave the room white and take some purple and blue to paint only the ceiling?"

Clay nodded and dropped the rest of the products into the cart. Plastic foil to cover the floors, a paintbrush set, some tape, and the LEDs.

Were they missing something? He dropped the bags of glow in the dark stars in the cart as well and grabbed two bottles of paint, but before he could ask Clay his questions the speakers crackled and a voice echoed through the almost empty store.

"Dear Customers, we would like to remind you that the building is closing in thirty minutes. Thank you for your consideration. I hope you had a great day at Ikea- your local furniture and home store."

The speakers crackled a little bit more before a click was heard and the noise stopped.

"We should hurry. George, my dad showed me a picture of a bed on the way out. Want to check it out before we pay?"

George nodded and pushed the trolley forward. If they hurried they could do this.

“Put your feet onto the trolley,” Clay ordered and swung his arms around George’s back. George did as he was told. Clay started pushing and together they sprinted back to the furniture section. George’s laughs tumbled from his throat and he leaned his head back to look at Clay’s mirrored smile. A tingling sensation rolled inside his stomach, maybe it was a mix of adrenaline and the fear of falling off the trolley. They came to a skidding halt, their laughter echoing through the empty aisles.

“Here look! That’s the one. It has six drawers underneath and looks easy to put together. What do you say?” Clay stepped away from the trolley and George jumped off. He looked at the model and pulled out some of the drawers. This way they could save some space. For now, they wouldn’t have to put up a wardrobe which would save time too.

“200 meters, that’s a good size for the future as well. Yeah, it’s a good one. We can totally grab one tomorrow,” as he said that Clay grabbed two of the boxes and groaned as he was hit with the heavy weight. George scrambled to help him but Clay gestured him to leave it and heaved the boxes over into the trolley.

“We’ll take them today, so we’ll have more space tomorrow to bring the mattress.” Clay huffed. “God, they’re heavier than I would have thought.”

George nudged Clay’s side and wrapped his fingers around the trolley. Clay kept a hand on the boxes to steady them as they pushed forward to the cashier.

They paid for the items and loaded the car with their items. As Clay went to put away the trolley George’s phone made a noise. He pulled out his smartphone and quickly opened his phone to see a message from his good friend Alexis.

‘Are you at home?’ The text bubble read. He typed a quick answer. Worry rising as he looked at the time, 22:05. Schlatt was surely at home. ‘No, but it’s a long story. Everything okay?’

Three dots appeared and showed him the omega was typing on the other end.

‘I was just worried, didn’t hear any kids thumping around. Was just checking.’ He smiled. Alexis was truly a good guy, they helped each other in multiple ways. It made his heart swell to know his friend watched out for him and his pups. Another message popped up. ‘I’m fine. He’s passed out. Bad day at work again. I think it’ll get better when his project finally finishes.’ George hummed, even though the other couldn’t hear him. He had long since given up trying to explain to the dark-haired omega that he was just making excuses for his abuser, but Alexis didn’t see it as abuse. Everyone else was at fault but Schlatt. ‘That’s promising.’ He typed and added a quick. ‘I’ll come by tomorrow, I’ll give you the short version of the explanation for now. Baby daddy is back.’

The three dots reappeared. ‘!!!’ ‘That’s fantastic! No? It’ll get easier from now on!’

He smiled at Alexis’s enthusiasm. Yeah, the other was right. Everything would get better from now on. His smile widened as he saw Clay jogging back towards him. A big grin was on the other face, he mirrored the expression and shot a quick reply back to Alexis. ‘Yes, definitely. Talk to you tomorrow! We’ll show up around 1. Have a good night.’ A ‘Gn.’ was sent back before the driver’s door opened and Clay hopped in.

“Let’s get this pajama party started then.”

At Clay’s place, they started with carrying inside the items and shelving, the groceries, and other items they had brought at Target. George filled the fridge and cabinets as Clay filled up the bathroom. When they finished with that task they immediately started with the renovation of the kids’ room. They covered the floor and removed the boxes from the former office. George mixed the first bucket, the colour he chose was a dark indigo purple. Painting the ceiling was hard without a ladder, which they didn’t have. George had to sit this one out as the bar stools weren’t safe for him to stand on. He had helped with setting everything up and left Clay with the painting as he got accustomed to the Ikea manual. He sat under the door frame to safely stay out of reach from random paint splatter. The manual was a little confusing, but he managed to understand it.

“Hey Clay, are you hungry? I can make a quick meal. We haven’t eaten anything besides breakfast today.”

The wet sound of the paint roller stopped and he looked up at Clay. The blond seemed to debate

his answer, but before he answered a grumble revealed him.

"I'll take that as a yes," George chuckled and pushed himself out of his cross-legged sitting position. He stretched and smiled as Clay chuckled while rubbing his neck, smearing paint all over his body. George laughed and pointed at his hand.

"Oh shit," Clay muttered as he saw the paint covering his hand. George stepped forward and gave the other some paper towels they had grabbed from their shopping trip.

"Here, I'll go make a quick dinner and call you when it's done."

"Yeah, thanks."

The silence was comfortable, they were both sleepy so talking wasn't necessary. The day had been eventful enough. George opened the cabinets and pulled out a pan, having decided to roast some sliced potatoes. He chopped the onions and added some bacon, his hands moving on their own as he fell into the familiar routine of cooking. As the potato's sizzled in the pan he set the table and called out for Clay. The fuzzy feeling in his chest enveloped him, it was embarrassing to admit but he was enjoying the sexist definition of an omega trait a little too much. However, with Clay, he didn't feel pressured and forced.

Clay finally tiptoed his way to the kitchen. He washed the paint off with some dish soap and joined George at the table.

"I'm done. I don't know if we'll need a second coat but it's looking pretty good right now," Clay rubbed his hands against his pants to dry them off and grabbed the cutlery. George nodded at his words and took some bites from his plate, he used his fork as a pointer and gestured towards the boxes in the living room.

"Want to start setting up the bed frames or hit the hay?"

Clay looked up from his plate and checked the time on the clock on the wall.

"Oh, it's almost midnight. We should get to bed, then. The paint will take 6 hours to dry, so we will have enough time."

"Okay, I'd say we'll try to finish renovating by 15:00. So we'll still have some time with the kids."

Clay yawned and nodded at his words. "We can do that, yeah. Thanks for the meal."

"You're welcome," George answered and grabbed the empty plate from the blond. He put them in the sink, too tired to wash up, and turned back to find Clay eyeing him.

"So-" George began.

"About-" went Clay at the same time. George gestured for Clay to go first.

"About the sleeping situation, I can sleep on the couch if you'd be more comfortable. I just want to make-"

"No!" Interfered George in a rushed voice and shook his head. "We can sleep together."

Clay chuckled and turned his head slightly away and George quickly realized his word selection.

He flushed at his wording and quickly brought his hands up as he gestured widely to help himself explain. "No! I meant we can share, I don't mind!"

They shuffled around each other with hushed whispers and friendly gestures as they prepared to go to bed. George borrowed a white shirt to sleep in and together they brushed their teeth before retiring for the night. George was the first to hop into the familiar-looking bed, it felt a bit weird at first but then he was met with the scent of Clay and fell into the covers like jello. This was the strongest source of Clay's scent, it was an intimate scent that rushed through his body and calmed his senses. He felt the strain of the day on his body as he fully relaxed into the warm feeling of the alpha. Somewhere, his brain registered the lights turning off and the mattress dipping from additional weight, but George didn't react other than burying himself deeper into the pillow and pulling the covers closer. The covers vanished for a split second from him, and a whine escaped his throat in protest. They quickly wrapped around him and a new warmth leaned against his side. He cracked open an eye and turned his head to the right to see Clay huddled close, laying on his side trying his best to get a part of the covers around him. He knew he should loosen his grip on the duvet but his brain felt mushy and a cohesive thought couldn't form fully. However, he did recognize Clay as the source of the scent and curled up against the alpha's chest. It didn't take

more than a second till he was knocked out from exhaustion from the eventful day and fell into a graceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to leave a comment!! I need them to find the energy to write. By the way how are you liking it this far? Is it to slow? How are you all feeling about Quackity joining in on this? And what do you think will happen next ;)

If you got this far you are obligated to leave a kudo. Please I need clout-

I see the signs

Chapter Summary

Warnign for mentioned abuse! I tagged every problem so the trigger warnings are right there on the fics tags.

But again:

Mentioned abuse, alcoholism and yeah-

Chapter Notes

Also:

I'm sorry for the angst in advance.

Muhahahah!

Jk I'm not ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Warmth was the first thing he recognized as he opened his eyes. A warm and heavy arm was slung over his waist and had pulled him close sometime during the night. Hot breath ran down his neck and he felt singular strands of hair tickle his neck. It wasn't the most comfortable position but Clay's presence made it feel *right*.

He craned his neck and smiled softly to find the blond alpha snoring happily, nuzzled close against his neck. He yawned and curled his toes, turning to check the desk next to the bed and groaning quietly as he found no clock. His own phone was laying on the kitchen counter, forgotten after their dinner. As he let his gaze sweep over the room he found the sunrays filtering in through the blinds. The sun had already risen, so it had to be around seven. The smell of paint penetrated the air, he wanted to check out the room but Clay's arms felt warm and safe, as if the alpha was trying to lure him back to sleep, so he flipped around and pressed his forehead against the other's chest. Clay's presence calmed him like nothing else could, and he decided he could spend some more time curled up against the alpha. However, his movements must have startled the other as Clay moved, signaling that George had woken him up.

"Morning," George muttered against Clay's black shirt as the other hummed and kissed his hair.

"Morning." A hoarse voice answered as Clay took a deep breath and stretched. George looked up from his hiding spot and smiled as Clay gazed down at him with half lidded eyes. A hand moved up to run through the omegas hair, stopping to twirl some strands before resuming the soft strokes.

"God you're so pretty. How are you so pretty?"

George giggled and leaned into the touch.

"Flattery won't get you anywhere, we still have to get up. We have a lot of work to do."

“Hmm.” Clay hummed in response and rolled out the bed. George followed suit and groggily got out of the warm bed.

“Let’s check the paint first,” Clay yawned and together they shuffled into the kiddie room. Clay stretched, letting the black shirt ride up and show his abs again. George was too tired to comprehend the sight and focused on the task at hand. Clay rubbed his thumb and index together before proudly presenting his clean fingers.

“We’re all good! We’ll assemble the beds and put up the decorations, and then we’re ready for the first night!” Clay exclaimed, with joy lacing his voice. The alphas glee spread over to George and he smiled at the excited expression. He was getting giddy at the thought of their kids seeing their work. Some part of his brain was chanting to him, they were building a *den*. A den, a home, a safe space.

“Yeah! Let’s get to work and start with a good breakfast then. Don’t forget we’ll have to go to my place too. I need to grab the groceries from there and some clothes. I say we go after lunch, that should be enough time for everything. On the way back we can pick up the kids.”

Clay gave him a thumbs up and together they got to work.

Assembling Ikea furniture turned out to be easier than people made it seem. The first bed was a bit hard but the second went by smoothly. The beds stood proudly on each end of the room, the carpet’s Clay had hastily put into the trolley yesterday rolled out in front of both beds. George was happy the alpha had considered the tiny feet scampering above cold hardwood floors. Even with floor heating, kids could always need some additional heat.

George was currently standing on the kid bed and putting up the glow in the dark stars. The room was finally done, it wasn’t perfect but George was happy with what they had done in such a short time. They were missing only a few things that were easily brought in the next hour. He put up the last star and jumped off the bed. Clay had taken over cooking and decided to make some spaghetti, and George was excited to see how much Clay had learnt from the military.

It turned out it wasn’t much, the blond made some simple pancakes and since they hadn’t bought any chocolate spread they ate the pancakes with some jam. It was a satisfactory breakfast nonetheless, and George could see that over the years Clay had learned a bit more inside the kitchen. However they didn’t stay long at home. After breakfast they showered, as Clay had desperately needed one, paint drops were sticking to the skin on his arms. After the shower they vanished, and George took the opportunity to ogle the toned forearms again.

Their morning went by quickly, seconds after breakfast (it felt that way, at least) they were reentering the Ikea parking lot from yesterday. This time, they took their time pushing the trolley forward with slow movements. Their steps were slow but focused on their destination without much time to wander. Step by step they made their way through the furniture maze.

They grabbed two mattresses first, making sure to take strong ones to support the children's growing backs. In addition they picked up some bedding, both a duvet cover with different forest animals in pastel colours, and a cover with monkeys and other Sahara themed animals. Lastly, they selected two big pillows and blankets. Now every essential was finally in their trolley, ready to be taken home, however they picked up some more jams and candles on their way out.

Both of them were starting to get tired, their movement becoming more groggy by the second. George knew that they’d definitely go to bed at the same time as the kids tonight.

They left the Ikea parking lot much faster than they had arrived, the clock was ticking. As they left

the clock was already reading 12:00, so they had to hurry up. George overtook the cooking and let Clay lay out the rolled up mattresses and set up everything else. Together they worked around the household like two gears. He kept checking if Clay needed a hand, and when Clay finally finished the other set up the table without asking.

The day started getting better when they entered the new car to make their way to George's apartment. Finally, they were able to take a breather and relax as they started the car.

"How are you holding up?" Clay asked a few minutes into their drive, breaking the silence.

"I'm doing good. No signs of illness if you meant that," George explained and turned his head to watch Clay drive.

"Good, if something happens or you start feeling sick, tell me. We're great on time, even if we took a small break we could still get the kids in time."

"Yeah, but I'm doing fine. Don't worry. Now take a right, we can take a shortcut here."

Clay steered to the right and George continued to give him directions through some alleyways to get there faster.

"Now take a left, and we are there."

"Your voice would make a great gps, ever thought about that?" Clay jested and George chuckled.

"You're such an idiot, not one would like to hear me do that."

"I would." Clay promptly stated and George felt the warmth rise up from inside his stomach.

"You are such an idiot."

As they stopped and got out of the Volvo, Clay couldn't round the door as fast as George had sprung out. He was excited to tell Alexis what had happened the last few days. He grabbed the keys from his jeans and selected the right one as he opened the building's door. He heard the trunk door slam shut and as he turned he saw Clay step after him with a cooler bag.

"Where did you get that?" George asked as he held the door open to help Clay shuffle inside.

"I had one in the kitchen, Drista must have used it and left it there."

They made their way up the stairs, but before they could even reach his apartment, the door above him opened and a dark haired male popped his head out. As Alexis recognized him he quickly fumbled with the lock chain and shuffled down the stairs. George pulled the other into a hug as his friend reached them.

"Hey, I'm glad you're alright. I was genuinely worried after not hearing any sounds from you or the kids the whole day."

George quietly laughed against the others shoulder and pushed himself gently away.

"The kids and I are fine," George pointed over his shoulder and made a gesture to call Clay closer. However as the alpha stepped closer Alexis started to fidget.

Alexis' hands were trembling, they were folded in front of him, trying to remain still. George opened his mouth to diffuse the situation, but Clay had it handled. The blond stayed in his spot, on the last step to their level and smiled at Alexis politely from the distance.

“Hey, good to meet you,” he gave the dark haired male a quick wave and pointed at George’s apartment entrance. George didn’t comment about the way Clay’s eyes seemed to inspect Alexis’ trembling figure.

“George, can you give me the keys and I can start moving stuff out of the apartment? You two could talk a little and catch up.”

“I can’t let you do all the work on your own!” His mouth opened to protest further but Clay’s green eyes caught his gaze, the blond was trying to tell him something. A gaze as hard as steel pin pointed at him and something inside of him told him to obediently listen. He turned to Alexis and smiled as he quipped his brow to silently ask if it was alright.

“Yeah, if you want we can go up and talk a little, I mean if you’re gonna be gone for a while it would be nice.”

George nodded and crossed arms with Alexis.

“Okay, call me if you need help. Start with the fridge,” George threw the keys from his pocket towards the alpha.

Clay nodded and caught the keys as he watched them hurry up the stairs. George heard the jingling of keys as Clay fumbled with the apartment door downstairs.

“So, I bet you have a lot to tell me,” Alexis snickered with a smile as they entered his apartment. The smell of cigarette smoke entered his nostrils almost immediately, signaling him that the man's alpha had been here today.

Alexis' apartment was an upgraded version of his, well, at least in size. The dozens of arrangements of different kinds of whiskey and rum bottles made the place look like a shit hole. There was also a stench always coming from the left side of the couch. An air freshener was frantically spraying every 5 minutes trying to fight the smell of vomit. The nice black leather couch had tears of use and scratches of finger nail marks. Nonetheless the place was still as tidy as possible. Alexis spent every day at home so he had a lot of time to clean. George knew that the omega always cleaned as best as he could, he had seen how the place could look after Schlatt had one of his ‘temper tantrums’.

He took a seat on the marked leather couch and ruffled his nose as he could smell the scent of the alpha and the scent of the vomit mix. A strong aftershave mixed with something best described as rain after a drought, but somehow the scent had never interested him. All alpha scents had at most annoyed him, but for Schlatt he detested the scent and the person behind it.

Alexis came back with a small tray, two glasses of sparkling water with a lemon slice floating in each. The rim of the glasses were decorated with sugar. A small habit that might go unnoticed and talked off as Alexis being a “good omega” and knowing how to cater. The dark haired omega had been a bartender working at a big casino before he had met Schlatt. George knew that Alexis wasn’t telling him everything about his former job, he knew that the omega had done more than bartending but he wasn't allowed to know the details. He knew however that it was the reason as to why Schlatt and Alexis had met.

“Thanks.” He mumbled and scooted to the right to give the other omega some space on the couch. Alexis' hands had stopped trembling, as he had taken a sip of the citron flavored water.

“So, tell me everything.” Alexis gleefully piqued and folded his legs underneath himself as he got into a comfortable position leaning against the couch. George smiled and leaned back himself as he

held the cool drink tightly in between his palms.

“I was on the way to school with the kids when we met. He saw the kids and it was as if he knew immediately, he saw them and for a split second our eyes met and from his gaze I could tell he had figured it out. I mean sure, Lucas is basically his doppelgänger. I invited him to eat dinner with us and that went pretty well. We talked while stumbling around the obvious topic and then when the kids went to bed we talked, It was so awkward. I just..” He swallowed and blinked as the tears welled up in his eyes. Talking about the way he had hidden the kids and the pregnancy made him feel guilty.

“I feel like he has forgiven me way too quickly. I still can’t quite forgive myself because in the end, I took something away from him, just because I was a coward.”

A hand made its way to his shoulder and gently squeezed. Alexis’s dark eyes mirrored a look of understanding. He took a deep breath and continued.

“Elsa heard us talking and long story short she found out. It was so hectic but Clay had to get home so he left. The next day I felt like shit and in the morning I wrote it off as being sick from the stress the night before, but then it kept continuing and I decided to visit the doctor with Clay’s help. And now get this,” he gestured to his neck and showed the other omega his mark free skin.

“Clay and I are pseudo mates without a claim! It’s like one of these soap operas you watch!”

“Hey! Don’t disrespect them, they’re my guilty pleasure.” Alexis snickered and swung the lemonade inside his glass as if it was a fancy gin.

George huffed and continued.

“So, the pseudo claims works like a mating mark but in a weaker way. The thing must have been with me ever since college. We never noticed and when Clay left my body thought he died, since it wasn’t a possibility to ‘separate’. We went back to his parents house, explained the situation and told Lucas. It was crazy, but in the end it worked out. We are moving together till the pseudo claim calms down, it acts up with separation. I get heat-like symptoms when we stay too far from each other. The doctor said it’s my body trying to deal with the fact that my mate is alive.”

Georg chuckled at the absurdity of the situation. He took the last sip of his lemonade and put down the glass.

“That’s a lot to take in, but isn’t it great? This is what you wanted, a second chance with him. It just happened to stumble right in front of you, it’s truly like a sappy romance story.” Alexis sighed at the end, leaning his head onto his hands as he examined George.

“You’re so lucky. If I were you I’d just relax and enjoy what fate is leading me towards. In my opinion he’ll talk with you when the time comes, right now he’s probably fussing over you. He’s most likely worried that any kind of distance could hurt you. Isn’t that romantic?” Alexis’ gaze faded into the distance and George could formly see the daydream starting. He laughed quietly into the room.

Yes, he was indeed lucky. This could have gone worse. Clay could have hated the thought of children, he could have hated George for keeping them. The alpha could have left him in his state of misery, or worse they would become one of these couples that only saw each other when it was time to switch who got the children. He took a deep breath and calmed his mind, they aren’t like that however. There was no reason to worry. As Alexis had suggested he should lay back and enjoy the moment.

“What about you, how has it been?” He asked carefully and let his gaze wander about the still daydreaming male. Alexis blinked a few times as he returned back, he rubbed his neck awkwardly and George’s eyes caught a glimpse of skin riddled with blue and purple bruises. And as always he ignored it. He knew Alexis would throw him out at the slightest mention of abuse. *Schlatt isn’t abusive*, he’d say.

“Oh it’s been going fine. Schlatt is having problems with a project, their new customers don’t want to comply with their production plan. I’m sure they’ll figure it out. Schlatt will make them see his way. He always knows how to do that.” The omega murmured. George swallowed and tried to steer the conversation away from Schlatt.

“What about Tubbo? How is he doing?”

Alexis put on a smile that he often wore, the mouth corners curled up in an unnatural angle almost straight. It was a horrible fake smile.

“Oh he’s doing great. I heard he thought about coming back to Schlatt’s company. He’s doing fine, we haven’t talked much more after he moved out.”

George nodded, ready to smack himself, what a great idea. Move the topic from one touchy subject to the other. Tubbo and Alexis had gotten along pretty well, the kid had been Schlatt’s from a former partner. A female beta that Schlatt didn’t even know the name of, at least Alexis had told him that. Tubbo had been dropped off at Schlatt’s doorstep a week or two after birth. Back then Schlatt had been sober, he’d been an occasional drinker but he hadn’t been a full blown alcoholic. As Schlatt met Alexis later on Tubbo was 5, the two had gotten along great from the start. Alexis told him that they decided to move in together pretty quickly. The dynamic fit great. Tubbo finally had a ‘motherly’ figure that guided him in a soft way against Schlatt’s sturdy and old fashioned ways. Alexis had told him the story about Schlatt’s slow descent into drunkenness, George wasn’t sure how much Alexis remembered from that day. The other had been on the verge of delirium pumped full of pain medication as he laid on his couch and told him the whole story. About how they met, how they fell in love and how Schlatt became an alcoholic. It had started with beer on the weekends, every weekend they’d watch a movie for family bonding time. Schlatt had started with drinking a cold beer every weekend which had then evolved into additional beers during the week. It had stopped for a while as Alexis had been hit in a small scuffle and Tubbo had seen the whole thing. After that, there had been a short break where Schlatt tried to stay away from the alcohol but then he got a promotion which gave him more stress and Alexis stayed home to make up the time Schlatt was missing at home.

The situation didn’t help the already existing small addiction. Schlatt was angry from the additional stress that the promotion brought, Alexis was more at home leaving him to be a great target. That’s how it had started, random scuffles and domestic flights throughout the day. They stopped when Tubbo got home but continued as he left the house. The tension built up over the years and one day the alpha had erupted leaving Alexis bruised and frightened. At first, Schlatt must have been sorry as Alexis had told him the other came home with a heartfelt apology and a promise of a new start. They moved into a new place that was closer to the work to give Schlatt some time off, that’s when George and Alexis met.

They’d befriended each other rather quickly. Both had children and both being omegas led to an easy bond. Elsa and Lucas had been a year old when they met, Tubbo had been 6.

George remembered that he had always found Schlatt to be a little scary looking. The man was tall with brown eyes that gleamed red in the sun, his beard was always neatly trimmed into two sleek mutton chops. Usually, he wore a suit and George had to admit that on the very few days where

Schlatt changed into a more casual outfit he'd have to do a double take. The other looked weird in jeans, George had almost fallen down the stairs with the baby scooter as he had met Schlatt in jeans and a New York Yankees baseball cap.

Schlatt had always had a dangerous aura around him, something that told you that this man was a wild card. George went from fearing to disliking the man as he continued to make sexist comments while two omegas were around him. That's why he had called the police immediately as it happened the first time, he had woken up in the middle of the night with his two pups sleeping calmly in the same room.

A loud crash and a bang of something shattering into a million pieces. Seconds later footsteps had made their way down the stairs and Tubbo had been at his doorstep, crying to have George help his 'mommy'. George's motherly instinct had flared up as a crying seven year old had begged him to save Alexis. He had pulled the kid quickly inside and asked Tubbo to tell him quickly what had happened. He remembered how the brown-haired kid had bawled, how he had to hurry and how Alexis was lying on the floor not moving. 'Daddy hit Mommy and now he's not moving!' He had always thought it was slightly weird how Tubbo referred to Alexis, it was rather old fashioned to call an omega 'Mom'. Those terms were used for omegas before the protests of more omega rights, but he had never commented on it.

He had wasted no time as he called the police on his landline to report the domestic abuse. The police came and arrested Schlatt, paramedics were called and Alexis was moved to a hospital. The omega had regained his consciousness enough to tell the police to let Tubbo stay with George. George had believed it would stop. He had thought Alexis would force Schlatt to move out and that would be it. However, that didn't happen. Looking back he understands a little bit as to why the omega stayed, it was for Tubbo. The scenario repeated a few times over the years, but everytime the police would come and Alexis would deny any of the neighbour's claims. George gave up calling for them after the third time, when Alexis had warned him to stop.

As Tubbo grew older George watched the child grow up to resent his own father, the kid never understood why Alexis stayed. George had tried to explain to him once he was older. Tubbo had been 14, and it had been another bad night. George had sat down and tried to explain what was happening, he knew Alexis would never explain that to Tubbo. So he figured it was his job.

He had told Tubbo that Alexis stayed because he still loved Schlatt to some extent, George had tried to explain to Tubbo that mates were something much deeper and primal than simply being married. It was a deep bond that was hard to break. He had explained to him that even if Alexis wanted to break the bond then they'd separate and Tubbo would most likely have to stay with Schlatt.

From there on Tubbo hadn't asked again as to why his mommy stayed with Schlatt. However he should have seen the gears grinding behind those childlike eyes, he should have heard the warnings as the child stopped referring to 'Daddy' and now called him 'Schlatt'. Tubbo left their home thinking Alexis had stayed for him, he left with 17.

The problem was that Alexis remained even after Tubbo left, which angered the small brunette. George quickly realized that Tubbo had focused on only one part in their conversation. He hadn't believed in the mate thing and had thought that if he leaves Alexis would follow.

Sadly it wasn't as easy as that. As Tubbo left the abuse got worse. George couldn't do much besides calm the other omega down afterwards. If Schlatt stormed out he could even treat the others wounds, but that was hard given he had two 8 year olds himself to struggle. A whole year passed like this and Tubbo only visited once, just once to see Alexis. George never knew what they

talked about but it ended in shouting with Tubbo leaving as quickly as he came. Schlatt never cared about the other leaving but his abuse got worse, meaning Tubbo's presence had stopped him from becoming worse.

George coughed as the air had stiffened in the room.

"I'm sure it'll work out too." He lied through his teeth. He put on a smile and gently nudged the others foot with his own. He knew this wouldn't get better. Given solely from the fact that the bottles kept multiplying he knew this would get so much worse. He could only hope Alexis would figure this out before it became worse.

"It will, Schlatt is just stressed with the projects. When it calms down again he'll be back to normal and we might even talk."

George nodded and bit back his tongue. He didn't want to strain his relationship but it hurt to see his friend act like this.

"I think I'll need to go check up on Clay. We need to move the rest of our stuff. The kids need their plushies."

Alexis chuckled and stood up from his spot.

"I see, Mr.Dolphin is still in use?"

"Oh yes, the dolphin and the bear are both still frequently sued. I don't think they'll ever grow out of it." George laughed, comfortable as the conversations steered into a lighter mood. At least in the end he had brought back the former mood.

"They won't." The other omega sighed as he opened the door to lead George out. "Tubbo slept with his little Bee even in his rebellion phase, he took it with him too. Maybe when he hits 20 but I doubt it."

A nostalgic memory seemed to cross Alexis' mind and George smiled sadly.

"Yeah, thanks for the cool beverage. I'll send you a text when we get home. Have a good day."

A quick hug before Alexis shut the door and went back to possibly cleaning or watching another soap opera in Spanish. A lonely life as a traditional housewife. Sometimes George wondered what Alexis would do if Schlatt just suddenly disappeared. But then he could see the way the others looked at his wedding bond with such love and administration that could let others wonder about who deserved this much devotion. George surely didn't see the reason as to why Schlatt deserved any type of love, but then again he had only known the abusive side of Schlatt. A man that pretends to be fine on the outside and beats his loved ones at home. A complete and utter piece of shit. Maybe a long time ago that man had a voice of reason, however, if that man would be burning alive next to George and George would be standing next to him with a bucket of dirty dishwater....then he'd drink it.

As he skipped down the stairs to his apartment and entered through the widely open door he was met with an almost empty kitchen. Clay had packed up the whole fridge and had moved on to the next step on their packing list. He found the alpha in the kids room on his knees flipping through various notes on the floor from the kid's school work papers.

"I didn't know what clothes to bring for them so I did the more obvious chore. I'm collecting all

the school books and other related materials that I can find.” Clay answered hastily and went back to scouring over the chaotic mess of papers.

George nodded and hugged his torso as he debated helping Clay or starting to collect the kids' clothing. As he pondered he started to feel his mind wander. He wanted to tell Clay about the situation, he never had an option to talk about Alexis's situation. He couldn't have told the few 'friends' he had at his kids school. The parents there felt more like colleagues than friends, they were hard to get close with. His work didn't let him get any friends or colleagues as he worked from home. SO in the end Alexis was his only friend through the years. Nick had met him only recently but their contact had stopped for a few years and was therefore on some thin ice. Clay however was someone that he finally could open up to, but was it right to talk about Alexis? His friend had trusted him to not tell anyone. He couldn't just talk about, not even with someone he could call his pseudo mate.

A sigh stopped the heavy silence in the room and George snapped from his thoughts to look down into the accusatory glance of the blond. He had raised an eyebrow and was staring up at him from his position on the ground picking up various worksheets from the kid's classes.

“You're upset I can smell it from here, what happened?”

George stepped closer and let himself fall to his knees and right into the arms of Clay. He melted against the others' simple touch and let himself be comforted by the familiar scent.

“I guess it has something to do with your friend? He isn't doing too well or? Can we do something?”

“No, you can't do anything. He'll just push you away. He always does.”

“We aren't talking about his PTSD anymore are we? What gave him that? And how did I trigger it? He was shaking like a leaf in the corridor the whole floor smelled sour.”

George raised his eyebrow in surprise he hadn't noticed the scent.

“What, PTSD? I-” George pushed himself away from Clay and bore his eyes deep into the others.

“How would you know the signs of PTSD?” He slowly drew out every word in an accusing tone. Clay chuckled and pulled him back into his arms.

“I'm straight from the military, George. I saw men and women cry at the sound of a paper bag popping. Scents, Sounds or Images all can cause the trauma to resurface. And your friend showed major signs. A distressed scent, a stance that said 'don't get any closer' and shaking like a leaf. He was trembling with fear.”

“Oh,” He murmured against the other skin and hugged the alpha close for comfort. He didn't want to think too much about the fact that Clay might have seen things that could inflict the same. Alexis could shake from the slightest movements. “it's Schlatt. Alexis' alpha is called Schlatt, he's horrible. I can't tell you everything because Alexis told me in secret and it feels wrong to tell you but, I can promise you that Schlatt isn't to be messed with. They had a kid, or well Schlatt had a kid. Tubbo left because of Schlatt and is still angry at Alexis for staying. The whole relationship is so fucked up, Alexis loves Schlatt and he won't leave him.”

Clay carefully ran a hand through his hair and George melted into the comforting gesture.

“We can't do anything if he isn't ready to get help. Alexis has to be the one calling for help, otherwise the police can't do shit. I'm sorry, babe.” George nodded and pushed himself up with the

help of Clay's shoulders.

"Let's not dwell too much on their business. If we can't help we'll have to focus on our life right now. We can worry later after we get the children back from your parents."

Clay nodded and got back to sorting through the worksheets. George decided it was time to plunder the closets. He grabbed two suitcases and started heaving in clothing items and two sets of bedsheets. He made sure to squeeze in Mr. Dolphin and Elsa's teddy bear. He added some nicer clothing as well just in case they decided to do some family bonding time. He made sure to fold the nicer clothes and put them into a safer part of the suitcase. Clay seemed to have finished as the alpha exited the room with two small backpacks of school supplies.

George sighed and quickly threw in some socks to finish the job. He had everything basically, what else was important?

Shoes, his mind supplied and he made his way out the kids room to their door. He grabbed the second pair of shoes and closed the suitcases. Nothing else to bring as Clay had taken care of the food. He positioned the suitcases outside of the door as he heard the steps of the blond making their way back upstairs. He checked the fridge one last time and rummaged through the cupboards to make sure there wasn't anything left that could go bad.

He inspected the whole kitchen, nothing was there that would go back in a few weeks. They'd be fine. He decided to do a last tour to the bathroom and grabbed some of his toiletries, his suppressors, and some general pain meds and bandages. He swung over the small bag and headed out to find the two suitcases already gone. He closed and locked the door and headed downstairs.

The rest of their day was spent driving home and putting away the stuff they had gotten from his place. They had assembled everything else and the kids's rooms looked as good as planned. They were proud of their work.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave clout I need to find motivation to keep going!! Every comment increases the wordcount ^^

Oh and if you get inspired by this fic feel free to make fanart or fanfics. Just tag me! I would love to see it :P

How did you like this chapter?

A mothers protection

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Elsa and Lucas adjusted pretty quickly to their newly found father. Under just a few weeks the two children had started including the blond alpha in their day to day life. Sometimes there were some issues, like the time Elsa cried cause Clay had to prioritize work over spending time with her. The issue was resolved as Clay was forced to make another promise to their children.

“Listen, how about this: Daddy goes to work and when he comes home he stops by at a candy store and brings home something nice. One candy everytime I come back home, doesn’t that sound nice?”

Aaand just like that she had stopped her complaints and nodded eagerly. If anything it had felt like Elsa had played her father like a flute. The little girl had a slightly manipulative side to her, wonder who she got that from?

George chuckled slightly at the thought and sittred the sugar into his hot tea cup. He clinked the teaspoon on the side of the cup before putting it into the sink and taking a nice long sip as he leant against the counter of Clay’s home. Yes, a full week he’d been living already under his ex-boyfriends roof. The new space had been an adjustment, especially for the kids. At the start both had trouble sleeping and George had to stay the first few nights in their new room as they slipped into sleep. Then they had to get used to the new way to school and that had also been some trouble. By now however things had evened out and they’d found a routine. George and Clay woke up at 6, Clay was first in the bathroom while George prepared breakfast. By 6:30 they woke the kids. Their family would eat breakfast and Clay would head out to work to arrive at 7. George would then help both his pups get dressed, make sure their lunches were packed and then they’d be on their way. 10 minutes before 8 they’d arrive at school and George would make his way back to the flat. At “home” he’d clean the breakfast table and the kitchen floors, tidy the rooms if it ended and get started on the laundry. Then he’d give himself a short break to check his phone and see if any of his friends had messaged him. Which was exactly what he was doing at the moment.

Another sip of his tea. He put the cup down and pulled his phone from his back pocket. Two new messages popped up on screen.

Clay

hey! I’ve arrived at work. Hope you got the kid safely to school, are you back at home already?

Remember to phone the doctors office and update them!

The corners of his lips turned up from reading the message. Each day Clay had made sure he was safely back at home. At first he had thought it was to make sure he hadn’t gotten lost, but no. Clay cared about him and their pups. He was making sure he was alright. He typed a reply back and promised Clay he’d call the office in a minute. Then he turned to the other message. It was from his friend Alexis.

Alexis

Hey! How are you doing? Is he treating you alright? It’s been a week since you’ve been gone and I haven’t heard much from you. I’m worried... So much has happened here since you’ve been gone. If you have a few minutes today please call. I can’t write this.

Oh, that wasn’t good. Whenever Alexis couldn’t write something it was due to the fact he was worried that Schlatt would read it.

He checked the time the message was sent, just a few minutes prior! In seconds he hit the dial and waited as the phone rang for Alexis to answer. It was 8. Schlatt was already at work at that time.

“George! I’m so glad you called!” The omega answered with an unusually gleeful voice. “You’ve no idea who stopped by today!”

George couldn't help but join the glad atmosphere vibrating through the phone. "Mhmm I don't know! Was it Pitbull?"

"Ha ha ha" The other pronounced and continued on. "My baby, Tubbo, visited! He apologized for last time and told me that he wanted to stay in touch. I'm so happy! I cried so much. My little baby was here! I got to hold him and everything. He told me about his plans to study and what he's doing at the moment. He can't afford tuition so right now he's working at a flower shop down Newshire Street! He saves every penny to earn enough and go to college. He wants to study animal biology! Isn't that adorable! My little bee is all grown up and working!" The formerly cheerful omega suddenly became solemn. "What would Schlatt say... He'd freak out! You have to promise on god that this won't leak! Not even to your alpha!"

George quickly calmed the other and told Alexis his mouth would be sealed shut. "I wouldn't dare! Now tell me what else he said! I'm sure he didn't just show up to apologize, I'm sure something must have been going on."

Alexis hummed. "Yes, indeed there was. Someone contacted Tubbo, someone claiming to be his mother. Tubbo showed me the pictures and well I told him I couldn't exactly help him, I never met his mother either. However he said it was important so I checked the pictures and told him it fit the descriptions that Schlatt had told me. So next Tubbo all but dropped this bombshell on me. She contacted him and asked if she could talk to Schlatt, right? Tubbo told her he didn't live with him anymore. She said that wasn't right and told him she'd help him. She wants custody, George. Custody of the baby I've raised for years!" Alexis shouted and something, maybe a plate, crashed onto the floor on the other's end. A curse followed and George blinked a few times to understand the story. Tubbo's mother had contacted him after almost 20 years. If she started a custody battle now... well she might have been missing for 20 years but usually kids had the right to stay with their omega parent. That woman wasn't an omega though, she was a beta, so maybe that would change things? He wasn't sure, but he definitely understood Quackity's worries. Quackity might have raised Tubbo as his own, but that didn't make him the biological parent.

"She wants my baby, George. Tubbo told her off but she ignored him. I don't know what to do. Schlatt isn't in the right mind to stand in a trial! He's so drunk all the time he'll lose the battle in seconds! Then Tubbo will be gone! I can't even stand in battle besides in the witness seat. I'm so useless! What should I do?"

George swallowed and thought for a moment's notice. If he was in that situation, what would he do? Well they needed time for now. That woman was surely starting to prepare a case, she might have contacted her lawyer already. Meeting her might change some things, but he wasn't sure that Alexis would be so friendly. Tubbo was the one thing that had kept Alexis so happy all these years. Well maybe Schlatt had done a bit too, George couldn't understand what Alexis saw in him. He was an abusive and drunk asshole, not to mention a deadbeat father. His eyes shot open. If Schlatt stood on trial and was sentenced to jail, Alexis would earn full custody via the government. "Alexis, how much are you ready to do for Tubbo?" The line was silent for a moment before Alexis answered eerily quiet.

"I raised him for more than half of my life. If someone wants to hurt my baby or take them away I'd kill them."

"Even Schlatt?" George enquired and was shocked to find such a quick response from the man who'd defended Schlatt for years.

"Especially Schlatt. No one takes my little baby."

George nodded before he remembered that the other couldn't see him. "Then put Schlatt on stand. Show the jury what he's done all these years, you've got enough evidence. I know that. You have police reports, medical evidence and half the building as your witness. You'll win the case in a moment's notice."

Quackity made a sign to interrupt but George shushed him. "Schlatt will lose in a custody battle. But what if you're the one who has custody over Tubbo? Schlatt going to jail means that you as Tubbo's step father gains custody. No biological mother confirmed yet, right? If you keep the case a closed one she won't even get notice of this before it's too late."

Quackity let out a long breath on the other hand. "I can't believe you just said that, I can't leave Schlatt. He's my alpha! Why would I put him on trial."

"You'll lose Tubbo if you don't, isn't that enough?"

The line stayed quiet for what felt like minutes. Quackity must have been thinking hard as the other didn't move an inch as the line stayed quiet.

"Alright, I'll do it. However I can't do it from here. Schlatt will know, I'll have to get a place but Schlatt only lets me use his credit card. He'll see where I am if I use that money. I can't crash at yours either, he'd check their first..."

"What about Nick?"

"What?! I can't go to him. We haven't talked in ages, plus he's an alpha. I can't really.. And of course Schlatt will be mad-"

"Schlatt will be mad no matter what, but he won't look at Nicks."

"He knew Nick though. He might suspect him too..."

George continued to think as he turned pages in his mind to find a friend who'd be able to offer Quackity refuge.

"Oh I know. What about Darryl? Don't you still have contact?"

"Yes, maybe you're right. That's a good option. I'll call him now."

"NO! First you call a lawyer you can trust. I have a good recommendation I'll send you. I used to follow her on the news. She advocated for omegan rights, she might be a bit expensive but she'll win the case quickly. Call her first, then act."

"Okay, okay. I'll do that. God, there's adrenaline pumping through me. I'll hang up now. Thanks for the help, Georgie."

George didn't hesitate to send him the contact info. Next he called the doctor's office to let them know about his condition getting better and last he checked in with Clay. He told the other that Alexis might need them in the future for a trial but he told him nothing about Tubbo or what exactly had happened. He'd promised Alexis he wouldn't spill.

Lastly he finished his day by doing the laundry and sitting down on the couch with his pc to look at some coding work. Things were starting to get better.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah hello! I am alive. Just barely lol

I had a shit ton going on. This isn't a big chapter but it's at least somethign right?

I'll deffo finsih this story, I might rush some thigns now though. I'm not intrested in this ship any longer tbh but I will strill write this till it's done.

And yeah as you might have notuced Q and Schlatt will get a bit more attention now.

End Notes

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<https://twitter.com/Kassyseptic>

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